The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXIII DECEMBER, 1936 No. 12

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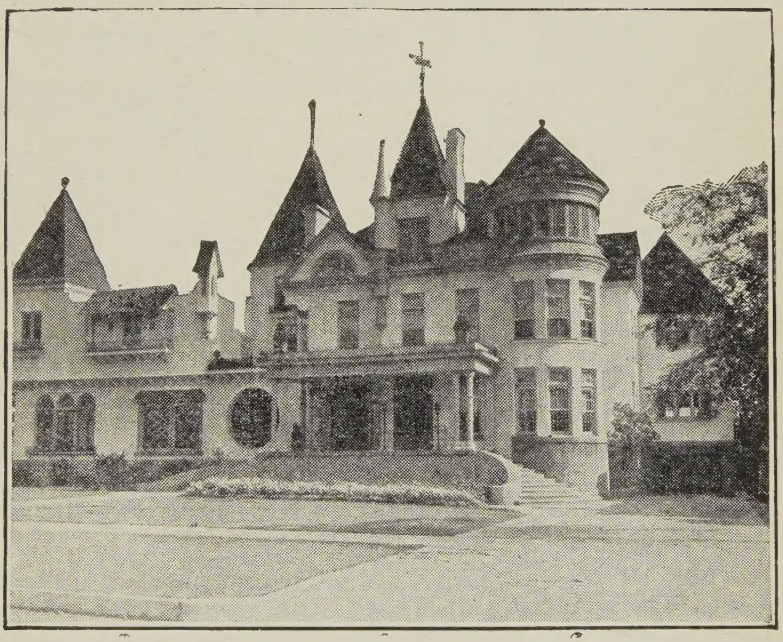

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII DECEMBER, 1936 No. 12

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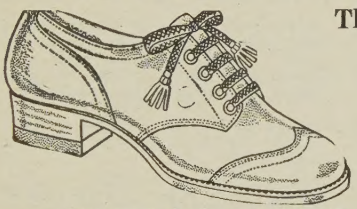

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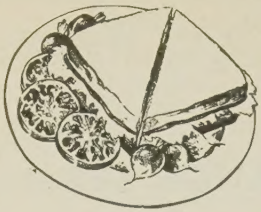

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A Prayer

By Velma Brinkerhoff Carroll

Kind Father in Heaven, I humbly come
At the dawn of a new Christmas morn,
To thank thee for blessings and joys of the past,
For Friendship, for loved ones, and home.

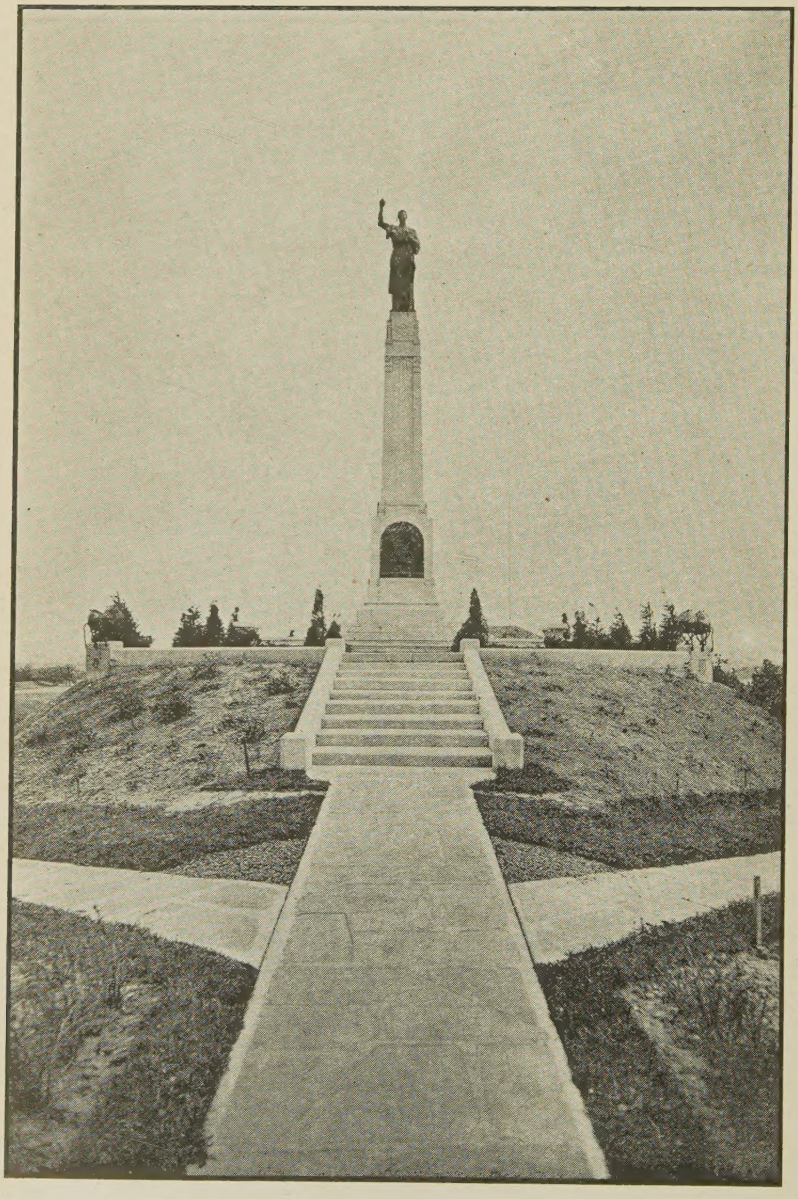
Help me, dear Father, that I may not pass
A child, that is hungry or cold.
Give to me words that will comfort and cheer
The heartsick, the weary and old.

Help me, O Father, more thoughtful to be
Of other men's sorrow and pain.
More willing to put forth a helping hand,
Without thought of worldly gain.

Plant deep within me, a love for mankind,
So strong, so true, so sincere
That the Spirit of Christmas may dwell in my heart,
Not one day—but throughout the year.

May the world be filled with the Spirit of Christ,
Love and peace drive out thoughts of war,
May we have the deep faith and as unselfish be,
As the wise men, who followed the star.

Amen.



STATUE OF ANGEL MORONI ON HILL CUMORAH

The Fellowcrafts Studio, Albany, N. Y.

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIII DECEMBER, 1936 No. 12

Contributions of Joseph Smith

By Stephen L Richards of the Council of the Twelve

I SHALL attempt to enumerate briefly the unique and distinctive contributions of Joseph Smith. I shall not try to appraise their relative importance or set them forth in logical or chronological sequence. Most of these contributions are in the field of theological doctrine. Some, however, are of a more temporal nature.

I NAME first a new conception of God and the Godhead. There can be no doubt that in the religious world of the Prophet's boyhood there prevailed a very nebulous and uncertain doctrine with reference to the personality of God and the personages of the trinity. The creedal statements of the day appear to us now as being most difficult of interpretation and understanding if not wholly unintelligible. To this situation the First Vision brought clarity, definiteness and certainty, not as the product of reasoning, argument and sophistication but with the sureness of experience. When Joseph came out of the grove he had no need to argue for a theory,—he knew the facts. God is in form like a man. He has a voice. He speaks. He is considerate and kind. He answers prayer. His Son is a like but distinct person. He is obedient to the Father and the mediator between God and man. The presumption of God as a mere essence or principle of power and force in the universe was for all time exploded. The testimony is direct and positive and irrefutable. Many have not believed but no one has ever had the knowledge to disprove it. The character of the Holy Ghost as a member of the Godhead came to the Prophet later through revelation with a clarity and definiteness exceeding other scriptural pronouncements on the subject. He set forth, "The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us." The identity and functions of the Holy Ghost are differentiated from those of the Holy Spirit.

SECOND, I point out a new conception of the nature of the priesthood. I pass by the restoration of the priesthood on which there is testimony of a character entitling it to admissibility in any tribunal, because the restoration postulates a withdrawal of the priesthood from men, which is a controversial subject.

(Address delivered at the Semi-Annual Conference of the Church Oct. 2, 1936.)

On the nature, duties and offices of the priesthood, however, I look in vain for any definitions comparable to those given by the Prophet. First there is the wide distribution of the powers and offices of the priesthood among men and boys of the Church. This was a complete innovation so far as modern Christian practice is concerned. None but a selected few had ever claimed or held the right before, although there is respectable historical evidence, not known to the Prophet, to warrant the belief that the same practice was extant in the early church.

But even more important in its novelty do I regard the new constitution of the priesthood as revealed through Joseph Smith. To my thinking there is nothing more beautiful or truly Christ-like in all scripture than this lovely exposition of the divine commission to men to act in the name of God. Listen:

"Behold, there are many called, but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen?

"Because their hearts are set so much on the things of this world, and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—

"That the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness.

"That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the priesthood or the authority of that man." (Doctrine and Covenants 121:34-37, Incl.)

"No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned;

"By kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile—

"Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy;

"That he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death.

"Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; and the doctrine of the priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven.

"The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth; and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and ever." (Doctrine and Covenants 121:41-46, Incl.)

Here is the genius of the government of Christ. No compulsion,—just persuasion; no unrighteousness or autocracy,—only goodness and love. Here is the answer to the religious intolerance and crimes of the centuries; the complete refutation of the alleged injustice of God.

I MENTION next the matter of new revelation. While this subject is highly important, I need not elaborate it,—first, because it is well understood both within and without the Church; and second, because its novelty has never been denied. I do not mean that the validity of the revelations to Joseph Smith have not been denied. They have,—but all concede the principle and practice to be an innovation. All logical persons will likewise concede that this doctrine once established is the end of all controversy as to authoritative religion.

THEN comes the new concept of man, his past, present and future state. I do not maintain that ideas had not been advanced, prior to the

Prophet's time, that were in some respects comparable to his. Undoubtedly the pre-existent state of man was in the belief of many. It could not be otherwise with students of the Bible, but no such comprehensive, coherent, and definite understanding as that set forth by the Prophet had ever appeared before. The continuity of intelligence and intelligencies; the fatherhood,—and motherhood too, of our individual spirits; the free agency and choice which were ours in the pre-earth life; spiritual creation preceding mortal creation; the relationship of body to spirit in this life and in the hereafter, the transcendent scheme of eternal progression,—all these and many related items constitute a unified, logical, authoritative exposition without counterpart in Christian literature.

Of special interest is the concept of the body as tabernacle of the spirit. A philosophy of temporal living has been built around this idea. In it a man's body is a sacred thing. It is not his own to be violated with impurity. God provided it in the form of and as the house of his spirit. Any conscious, willful impairment of the body is an affront to God. And so it follows that the care of the body has real spiritual significance. It is doubtful if any religious body at any time ever received a more unique and novel doctrine than the Word of Wisdom, the inhibitions of which are known to many but the underlying philosophy of which is understood by few.

CLOSELY related to the state of man is the concept of the whole human family as the children of God. On this subject many entirely new contributions were made by Joseph Smith. He established the universal justice and love of God for all His children as no one else has ever done. His theology denies the resurrection to none. All shall come forth from the grave; all bodies shall be reunited with spirits to constitute eternal souls, through the universal redemption of the Savior. There will be general salvation for all in the sense in which the term is generally used, but salvation, meaning resurrection, is not exaltation. In the hereafter, as in this life, there are degrees of glory, preferential places and conditions. Goodness and obedience will bring their rewards, the highest of which is to dwell in the presence of God and His Son. The prescribed requirements of the Gospel, such as baptism, confirmation, and other ordinances are not prerequisites for the resurrection as many suppose. They are necessary only for exaltation,—the highest station.

Exaltation is not planned merely for a few select ones. It is designed for all who will prepare to enter the Kingdom. Everyone is given the opportunity to prepare, not only those living but they who have died, as well. Such is the justice of the Father.

THAT brings me to another inestimable contribution, wholly distinctive and novel. Strange it is that with the rather frequent mention in the Hebrew scriptures of temples and with the pointed and oft quoted reference to baptism for the dead that Joseph Smith should have been the first of all Christians to conceive the purpose of temples and institute vicarious work for the dead. This great project of the latter days deserves an extended treatise of itself. It must suffice for my present purpose merely to call attention to it. In its ramifications and comprehensiveness it embraces sub-

stantially the entire scope of the Gospel. The story of life is simplified for the understanding of men. Through the eternal powers of the restored priesthood ordinances and ceremonies are administered in preparation for entrance into the Celestial Kingdom of our God and the dead who have lived without opportunity to enjoy these high privileges are accorded, through the service of their kinspeople, the same rights as those who live.

ONE of the features of temple work should for emphasis be specially mentioned. It is the sealing of husband and wife in the eternal covenant of marriage. Joseph Smith taught that the family circle is the foundation of exaltation and that its projection into eternity is heaven itself. He sanctified the association of loved ones. He made the father a priest and the mother a priestess in the temple of the home. If his glorious interpretation of this divine institution could have general application, the ills of society would be cured and the brotherhood of mankind established. This contribution alone entitles him to a place on the very summit of distinction among the world's philosophers and benefactors.

THE limitations of this opportunity prevent any further elaboration of additional items within the scope of my theme. I must pass them with bare mention. The organization of the Church; its phenomenal growth; its quorums, divisions, agencies, authorities, officers; its incomparable missionary system were all the product of the inspiration, the wisdom and vision of the Prophet. He was also a builder of cities, a statesman of great foresight and such a leader of men that even after death his influence has grown with the years.

HIS literary labors must not be forgotten. He produced more scripture, that is the revealed word of God, than any other man of whom we have record. Indeed his total scriptural productions would almost equal those of all others put together. Within the pages of the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price, which came to the world through him, are to be found such truth gems as "The glory of God is intelligence;" "Men are that they might have joy;" "It is the work and the glory of God to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man;" a clear statement of the purpose of good and evil in the world; a philosophical problem which has baffled the scholars of all times and many others of inestimable value. There also came from him such memorable sayings as "Man cannot be saved in ignorance;" "We are saved no faster than we learn;" "Whatever knowledge a man acquires in this life will go with him into the life to come." He wrote history and dissertations on many subjects and was an orator of magnetism and convincing force.

THE world's enlightenment of the century following his life has not disclosed a single error in his theological and philosophical pronouncements and the society which he established is without question the peer and many students not belonging to it maintain it is the superor of all social systems on the earth.

WHAT is the explanation? How may we account for these remarkable accomplishments, these transcendent contributions to the

learning, the knowledge and wisdom of this age?

The critics of Joseph Smith have ridiculed him. They have emphasized the crudity of his youth, his lack of education and deprecated his intelligence. In so doing, have they helped find the explanation? Perhaps they have, without intent on their part, for the more inadequate by native endowment and training they make the Prophet, the more certainly do they lead the way to the inevitable conclusion that the explanation he makes of himself and his work is the only explanation. If he had been proved to be a person of unusual brilliance and education there might have been some warrant for the presumption that out of his own mind he had conceived and executed all, but those who have sought to destroy him have robbed the argument of that premise. Perhaps God willed it so. Even the inimical and abusive typesetter who printed the Book of Mormon unwittingly laid a stone in the foundation of evidence establishing the truth of the Prophet's account of the translation when he ridiculed the punctuation and composition of the manuscript, the sentences and words being run together as they naturally would be in the manner of dictation to the scribe described by the Prophet.

THERE is only one explanation which is tenable. God chose this man. He spoke through him. The virgin, unsophisticated mind of the youth was a fertile field for the planting of spiritual seeds. They grew and matured into a perfect faith that brought Joseph into partnership with God. When that came to be there was nothing unattainable, for as we are told of old, one man and God are a majority.

Today we proclaim him Prophet and sing his praise as sincerely, as devoutly, as reverently as they did one hundred years ago when they sat in his presence and felt the inspiration of his influence and heard the word of God from his lips.

"Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah!
Jesus anointed that 'Prophet and Seer'—
Blessed to open the last dispensation;
Kings shall extol him and nations revere."

IT would seem scarcely necessary to point out the obvious conclusion and purpose of this recital. If any man has received in his heart the witness of the divine truth embraced in the contributions of the Prophet Joseph, I charge him to be true,—true to his testimony, true to the Prophet, the founder, true to the cause and its duly commissioned leaders, true to the covenants he has made in holy places, and true to the brotherhood of man in the service that he renders. If any man has not received this witness, I appeal for his thoughtful, prayerful, sympathetic consideration. I offer to him, out of the experiences of my life, a humble but certain assurance that if he will receive and apply the teachings of Joseph Smith he will be made happy. Doubt and uncertainty will leave him. Glorious purpose will come into life. Family ties will be sweeter. Friendships will be dearer. Service will be nobler, and the peace of Christ will be his portion. I so testify in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

"Evergreen and Folly"

By Maryhale Woolsey

SNOW was falling; a biting wind hurled the flakes viciously against faces and inside coat-collars. But the high spirits of the Christmas-Eve shopping crowd defied the discomforts of the storm. Cheeks glowed; eyes peered narrowly but merrily above close-drawn furs and tighty-clutched packages; voices rose with increased good cheer. Even the colored lights of the street decorations seemed to sparkle and glow more festively.

Edward Thane, warm and comfortable inside his big black limousine, viewed the scene in his usual detached manner. Distinctly alien, more than a little intolerant, he felt himself to be—apart from all the world at this season when goodwill was the expressed order. Christmas had long since ceased to mean anything to Ed Thayne personally. An able secretary discharged the few duties he felt obligatory—sending a few cards, giving to a half-dozen preferred charities, preparing "bonuses" for presentation to a few employees of long standing. That would be about all. And even that mattered but little.

Before the glittering facade of Thayne's, Incorporated, the limousine stopped, double-parked—for the "Private Parking Only" sign had been completely ignored. The chauffeur opened the door and stood attentively while The Boss climbed out.

"You may as well have the evening, Parks," Thayne said. "I'll take a taxi home."

"Thank you, sir. It's—Merry Christmas, then, Mr. Thayne."

Thayne nodded acknowledgment. "Make a family day of it. I'll not want you before three or four—maybe not then. I'll call you."

Parks glowed. "Say—thanks a million, sir"—

But The Boss was picking his way gingerly between two parked cars; the chauffeur watched him cross the slushy sidewalk and disappear into the store. Then, springing lightly to his seat, Parks was on his way, grinning for all the world to see. Holiday bound!

The Boss, walking with bent head and looking neither to right nor left, went directly to his office on the mezzanine. Seated there at his desk, he could, by turning a little in his chair, look out over a wide sector of the store's main floor, now thronged with shoppers. The scene, though colorful, gave him no particular pleasure save his satisfaction with the business outlook. He asked himself why he had come downtown tonight. He was not needed here; his organization functioned smoothly and efficiently under the guiding hand of the acting manager—who was expected to assume complete control of the establishment within a few years. It was almost as much his concern now as it was Thayne's, who had spent forty years developing his business and found it his one real interest, his only hobby, and his strongest habit.

Yet Thayne knew that even that did not explain why he had chosen not to remain at home this evening. Rather, he could not endure to remain at home—not among the inevitable Christmas greens with which Hawkins and his Missis had decked

the rooms and made gay the windows. From those, he wanted invariably to run away; tonight, he had felt that he must run away.

YEAR after year,—twelve of them had now marched past since his house had become silent and lonely —The Boss had resolved to order his faithful servants to omit the holiday decorations. But he could never bring himself to issue the command. And regularly on the eighteenth of December, Hawkins would bring in the holly and branches of evergreen, and a sprig—the finest he could find —of mistletoe to place above the portrait of Genevieve Thayne which hung above the library mantle. Mistletoe had been Vieve's delight.

"Never forget, Hawkins," she'd told him many times, "mistletoe over my picture at Christmas-time —"

Remembering, Ed Thayne experienced that sharp pang that always came with the thought of Genevieve. Unseeingly he fingered the gold inkwell, a part of the handsome desk set which his office force had today presented to him. Beside the inkwell stood the set of Kipling, in tooled-leather bindings, which was the department managers' collective gift. He sighed, knowing the anxious thought and discussion behind the selection of these things that meant so little to him, though he was not unappreciative. He knew they found it difficult, choosing things for The Boss, who "had everything." "Everything" meaning all the things that other people wished for and could not afford to buy, but nothing that, after all, mattered very greatly. Ed Thayne would have given his "everything" gladly if for one day he could have Genevieve back with him.

But then—his lips twisted ironically—Genevieve would not have enjoyed that day! Vieve had so loved the things money could buy. Her lovely home, clothes, jewels, fun. She loved glitter and excitement. She had reveled in the Christmas-New Year season, when there were parties galore and everyone seemed intent on throwing their responsibilities to the winds and going quite mad with pleasure.

That time when she was not feeling so well, and he had remonstrated with her, urged her to stay in and rest and be taken care of,—she'd laughed and said,

"After awhile, dear—not now! After awhile—it will be too soon— I shall be old, and stiff in the joints, and—maybe—quite content to sit by the fire and knit. But it will be horrid—" and her beautiful eyes grew somber, holding for a moment an expression of stark fear. Her fear of growing-old time.—Lovely Genevieve, who'd had no need to fear old age, since it would never overtake her!

She had cast the mood aside. "I'll rest a lot next week, Ed," she'd said prettily. "There's only tonight and tomorrow night, and then the holidays are over for another year. Don't gloom tonight, dear, please! You know it's such a long time until another season of evergreen and holly."

"Evergreen and—folly!" he'd answered her, unable to keep a certain sharpness out of his voice. "Sometimes, my darling, I wonder if we're not all a little crazy at this time of year! Dancing all night, eating all day—if we're awake enough!— rushing all hours. What's it all about, anyway?"

Then, because she had looked hurt, he'd added hastily,

"Good gracious, my dearest, don't mind me! Dance forever, if you wish —and I believe you'd like to! I

think you must be Youth incarnate, Vieve darling, and will never grow old. So we'll run along to your evergreen and folly, as much and as long as you say!"

"Evergreen and folly"—he was pleased with that. And "You'll never grow old—" had brought him her brightest smile. Poor little pun! An unwitting prophecy!

Disregarding her "bit of a cold," they'd gone out with their crowd in a heavy snowstorm, singing hilariously through cold, wet streets, their welcome to Vieve's last New Year.

And ever since, Ed Thayne had hated and dreaded the coming of each Christmas-time. If only he could run away from it—but where could one escape Christmas?

THE jingle of bells, a rising din of shouts and laughter, recalled The Boss to the present. He stepped out to the railing at the edge of the mezzanine, looked down. Below, a jolly Santa Claus was pretending to try to hide from a group of excited children. Small sleighbells on his wrists and boot-tops chimed merrily.

Glancing upward, Santa raised one hand towards The Boss, shaking his bells with an extra flourish by way of salute.

"Ain't we got fun, Ed!" he called, as his eyes, deep blue and sparkling with good humor, met the grayer blue of Thayne's. Then, observing a panting youngster about to clutch him, he dashed away, out of Thayne's range of vision.

The Acting Manager stood beside The Boss.

"Great guy, that Bill Garman," he commented. "Gets a bigger kick out of life than any of us."

"No doubt. Still, he seems fitted for—better roles than that of a make-believe Santa Claus," Thayne answered somewhat shortly, and turned away.

He and Bill had been close friends once. What had become of that friendship?—Just petered out, he supposed, through diverging interests and ambitions. Ed, the successful merchant, with one goal in view. Bill, a sort of happy vagabond, adventuring through many fields and headed nowhere in particular so long as he had a good time. They just didn't stick together. . . . And now, when both were growing old, Bill played Santa Claus in Ed's mercantile palace, and was glad of a job.

Thayne sighed. Rummaged in a drawer for some papers and looked through them without the slightest idea what they were about. Old ghosts were all around him . . . but they would be more poignantly persistent at home!

JUST before closing-time he finally left his office and emerged into the storm, which was raging more furiously than before. He looked up and down the street for the taxi he had ordered, but there was none in sight. His eyes fastened on a figure just leaving the employees' entrance of Thayne's—a man whose shabby overcoat and pulled-down cap did not conceal a gay red-and-white Santa Claus costume beneath. The wind played with his coat-tails and with his long white beard; bells, muffled, jingled faintly. Bill—who would now be looking for another job.

On a sudden impulse, Ed Thayne started towards him. He'd ask Bill to spend Christmas Day with him—auld lang syne, or something like that. . . Bill had not seen Ed; he was hurrying to cross the street. Ed hesitated—and at the moment, a swift gust of wind tore his hat off his head, and he turned to grab at it frantically and temperishly. In the

same instant he heard a shrieking of automobile brakes, a man's shout, a woman's scream. People began running from every direction, and Thayne ran with them.

"I saw it—the wind—blew his whiskers up over his eyes—he stepped backward—" a woman was crying hysterically.

A child's terrified voice. . . "It's Santa Claus, Mama,—they hit Santa Claus!" . . . The mother, comforting him,—"Not Santa himself, dear—a helper—" Confusion, hubbub . . . an officer taking charge. The officer knew Ed Thayne, let him come nearer.

Thayne knelt beside Bill; called his name. There was a moan in answer. Someone said, "Here,—my car—"

At the hospital, after awhile, Bill looked out from a white maze of bandages and pillows. His bewildered gaze met Thayne's anxious one.

"Ain't we—got—fun, Ed," he murmured through a wry smile. "How'd I do it?"

Thayne told him.

"You'll be around again before long," he concluded.

"Before long—but gee whiz—I forgot—I—" Bill struggled to rise. A nurse stepped forward, warningly.

"Something I can do for you, Bill?" Thayne asked.

Bill's distress increased.

"I don't know, Boss—you could—only you wouldn't," he said enigmatically. "Maybe you could find someone who would, though. You see—I promised to be Santa Claus at a kids' party—girl I know is giving it. I can't disappoint her,—she's been good to me; biscuits and things, you know—" he grinned. "She's my next-door neighbor. I was hurrying to get to her place when I—got—this; I remember now. Say, what time is it?"

"Nine four," Thayne told him after a glance at his watch.

"Good Lord!" Bill groaned. "I was to be there at eight-thirty! Ed, you'll have to do it! Not time to find someone else—those kids will be heart-broken—" Again he tried to sit up, and again the nurse warned him back.

"Sure, Bill," Thayne said, and instantly regretted it, "I'll do it."

Bill relaxed. "You're a pal! You can wear my outfit—Nurse, did I mess up that Santa suit?"

"Not too much. The wig—but I'll make him one out of some cotton," the nurse promised.

"Bully for you!" Bill applauded her. "Hurry, Ed—and when you're ready I'll tell you how to get there, and—and—all that."

The young nurse "hurried" willingly. This was her first Christmas Eve on duty, and she'd been rather blue and lonely. But now it was turning into an adventure—helping the great Mr. Thayne into a Santa Claus suit!

Feeling an utter fool, Thayne went back to undergo Bill's grinning inspection.

"Okay, pal—you'll do—and it'll be good for you, too; fun! But—rush!"

THAYNE rushed, his brain in a fuddle. "Fun—good for him!"—good for Ed Thayne, who hated Christmas. Good heavens! What does one say when impersonating Santa Claus for a bunch of kids, anyway?

The girl who'd been good to Bill—"with biscuits and things"—was shocked, sympathetic, grateful, kind, all at the same time. She dispelled Thayne's panic inside of three minutes. He played a game with the children, made wise-cracks—good-

ness knows how!—and distributed gifts. And then he told them that it was 'way past bedtime (his fault, for being late, but they must "scoot" now), and besides, he had to be on his way to—everywhere!

A PALE boy with worried brown eyes slipped through the door ahead of him.

"Mr. Santa Claus—"

"Yes, sonny?"

"I was wondering, Mister, if you're not too awfully in a hurry—if you could—

Not more than ten, Thayne noted mentally, wondering at the child's agitation. He bent down and took the thin hand, surprised at the tenderness that swept over him.

"What can I do for you, my boy?" he asked, smiling; expecting some childish request for gifts, and wondering what he should say in reply.

"Well, you see, Mister—my little sister, she's been sick and couldn't come to the party, and she feels just awful bad 'cause she didn't get to see you—I mean Santa Claus—at all this year. Could you come to see her, just for a minute or two?—It's only two doors down the street, and up one stairs. And—and—you see, she thinks you're real yet; she's only four and a half—"

Thayne experienced a shock, realizing the sad superior wisdom of ten years—over four-and-a-half.

"You just show me the way," he said.

The little girl had eyes like the boy's,—big and dark and clear, in a pale little face. A face whose gravity Thayne thought, was too marked for such a tender age. Something about her took hold of his heart, as she stared up at him so believingly and then sat up in her bed. The boy hastened to draw a blanket around her shoulders.

"Moms said you must keep something around you, Sistie!"

"But I'm warm enough, and I'm lots better, too," Sistie said, and held eager hands to Thayne. "Santa Claus! Did you come just to see me?"

"Sure I did. I heard you couldn't come to see me, so I ran in to—to wish you a Merry Christmas."

"You're nice," she said. "Sit down by me."

He sat down awkwardly on the edge of the bed. Something to say—

"What's your name, my dear? I —er—seem sort of mixed up tonight, there are so many names."

She laughed at that, wrinkling her nose and displaying tiny white teeth within a mouth of entrancing curves.

"I'm Genevie. Didn't Jimmy tell you?"

"She means Genevieve," Jimmy told Thayne in a whisper. But Sistie had heard.

"That's what I said—Genevie," she began defensively.

"I know," her brother hastened to assure her. "I just thought he didn't hear you, quite."

Thayne heard without comprehending, for his thoughts had raced back over the years to that other Genevieve, who had held his heart in her two hands. He felt shaken and panicky.

"Will you bring me a dolly, Santa Claus?—Not a big one but a cuddly little one?" Genevieve was asking, clinging eagerly to his fingers.

He had no time then to reply, for in the doorway appeared a woman, young, but tired-old. She stood with her hand on the door knob, staring, while Thayne got to his feet.

"That's my Momsie. She had to work tonight," Genevieve exclaimed. And, "Momsie! This is Santa Claus! He comed to see me, and I'm better, too."

Jimmy hurried to explain "Santa's presence.

"Thank you so much," the mother said, her eyes misty. "She wanted so much to see Santa."

"I told him to bring me a dolly, Momsie," Genevieve returned to the topic of chief interest. "And Santa, Jimmy's a nawful nice boy, 'ceptin' he teases sometimes, but not much. Will you bring him some paints, 'cause that's what he'd like best?"

Thayne bent over her, smiling. "I'll certainly do my best, Genevieve. You go to sleep now. I have to talk to your mother a moment, and then hurry away. I've such a lot of things to do!"

"I know. You're 'most the busiest man there is, aren't you? I'll be good. I'm mostly good, aren't I, Momsie?"

"I should say you are!" The mother kissed her. "Now good night, dear. Sleep tight!"

THE other room—apparently they had but the two—was a sort of kitchen-living-room. Thayne looked about curiously. Humble though it was, he noted, the Christmas "folly" had entered here also. Cheap little wreaths pinned to the curtains; a tiny artificial tree—obviously it had known service at other Christmases, for it was faded and scraggly—crowded into a small space against one wall. But above the tree, carefully tacked to the plaster wall, was something that caught and held Ed Thayne's attention.

It was a picture, crudely done with wax crayons, of a child asleep in a manger; and beside the manger, a woman watching. There had been no attempt to draw her features; her draped robes hid her face and form. Yet there was something about the portrayal of her that was far more effective than detail, unless expertly handled, could have been. Thayne studied it, fascinated.

"Jimmy did that," said Jimmy's mother. "We—think he did pretty well, for a ten-year-old."

"Remarkably well!" Thayne agreed. "It has something—more than just the lines and color. A—sort of—personality, I'd call it, I think."

She nodded. "We think it's because he loved it so—the story, I mean. You see—we've not been able to observe the—what you might call the material side of Christmas, very much; so we've stressed the spiritual. The children love the Bethlehem story—they know it by heart! So Jimmy undertook to illustrate it."

Jimmy, at his mother's side, allowed her without protest to tousle his dark hair.

"I'll do a better one, some day," he said. "That's only the first time I've tried. Maybe I shouldn't ought to've tried it at all, till I'm bigger—and better. Drawing a picture of—the Lord Jesus—" He left the rest of his thought eloquently unsaid.

Before the boy's adoring, sincere reverence, Thayne felt suddenly humbled. He thought with dismay of the worldly selfish years he'd lost, and longed unutterably to atone for them. When he could speak, he turned resolutely.

"Tell you what, Jimmy. I'll be around after awhile, and don't you forget to hang up that stocking. I'll see what kind of painting paraphernalia I can find for a boy to practice with—a boy who's going to do fine things if he keeps his talent growing bigger—and better."

"Gee, Mister!" Jimmie breathed. "You make it seem like—there's a really Santa Claus!"

"Sometimes," Thayne said gravely," sometimes there really is. Not as often as should be, in this gloomy

old world; but once in a while, believe it or not, the old duffer really shows up. Will you step in and see if Genevieve's asleep? — While I have a word with your mother?"

"Sure. And—and—thanks a million!" Jimmy's parting look warmed Thayne's heart.

"You're very kind, sir," the mother began, "but I'm afraid you really shouldn't think of doing more than you already have done."

"Please!" he urged. I know what you're thinking—but you don't know what this will mean to me. You'll be shocked,—but I want to tell you—that tonight, here in this room, I've realized the meaning of Christmas. I must have known it, long ago—but forgotten."

Her glance, clear and deep like her children's, questioned him.

"For years," he explained, "almost as long as I can remember, in fact, Christmas meant to me and mine—just—gayety—frivolous good times. Then—something happened that—changed all that; there couldn't be—gayety, for me, any more. Since then, I've felt—well—bitter, about it. Seeing people rush crazily into things; more festivities—they call them festivities!—than their bodies and minds can stand; more buying than their purses can afford—that's the sort of thing I mean. I've seen that only—I guess, because it was what I looked for. I've wished I could run away from it all. It's been to me—well, I've called it the season of 'evergreen and folly'."

"Oh!"—the merest murmur of shocked sympathy.

"Now—tonight—this." He turned again to Jimmy's work of art. "Not just the drawing, though it's amazingly good, and that boy must be encouraged and given opportunities for development of his talent;—but the spirit back of the effort, has spoken to me. This Santa Claus role—" he indicated his gaudy costume—"is new to me. Less than two hours ago, I would have refused it if I could have decently done so—but now, I'd like to carry it through, for your boy and girl. Not extravagantly—not to divert them from their spiritual observance, as you call it, of the day. But a few things they'd enjoy, perhaps some that they need, that Santa might bring them; I'd appreciate your letting me do it—for my own sake as well as theirs."

She hesitated.

"Besides," he added in a lower tone, and pleadingly, "it would be in memory of another lovely person whose name was Genevieve. She was all I had—and I lost her."

That carried the point, as he might have known it would.

"If it's possible to manage, at this late hour—" she began; but his joyous chuckle interrupted her.

"I know exactly how—why, this minute, I own a whole store!" he answered, surprised at his own sudden lightness of heart. "I'll get the watchman to help—if he doesn't die of amazement first!"

IT was well past midnight when Thayne, his mind full of a thousand eager plans, arrived at the door of his waiting house. Ran up the steps, as he hadn't done in a long, long time.

The door flew open and Hawkins, breathing a loud sigh of relief, stood by as The Boss entered. Inside, at the farther end of the hall, Hawkins' Missis and Parks were standing, their faces grave and anxious and all at once relaxing into their customary expressions of respectful waiting.

Thayne, comprehending, was remorseful. "Great guns! You've been worrying about me!" he exclaimed.

"Well, sir—yes, sir," Hawkins

said guardedly. "That is, sir, it was most unusual, sir—"

The Missis came forward, and Parks followed.

"You see, sir, after Parks told us—"

"I just happened to drop in, sir," Parks explained, "and mentioned you'd given me the evening—"

"So when it got awful late and you didn't come home, sir, we called him back to talk over what we might do. We were that anxious, sir?"

"I'm—very sorry. I just didn't think," Thayne said astonishingly. More astonishingly still, he grinned at them. "But you should never be surprised at anything that happens in the season of evergreen and folly."

"Yes, sir." Hawkins lifted one eyebrow ever so slighlty. "No, sir —not anything, sir."

He proceeded to relieve Thayne of overcoat and hat.

Simultaneous gasps from all three servants greeted the disclosure of a decidedly soiled and mussed Santa Claus costume.

"Oh, yes—you'll find the wig and beard in my coat pocket, Hawkins. They—er—got in my way."

"Yes sir. I'll look after them, sir."

"Well — getting on towards Christmas morning, isn't it?" Thayne remarked.

"Yes, sir. That is—"

"Then, Merry Christmas to you all! I wish you were all having as much fun as I've had tonight; yes, sir,—I declare, it was fun. A little folly now and then—glorious folly! Never enjoyed myself so much. Goodnight!"

"Yes, sir. Goodnight, sir."

"Goodnight, Mr. Thayne."

Thayne started up the stairs. His servants stood staring after him for a long moment, then they turned and stared at each other. The notes of an old Christmas carol drifted down to them. . . The Boss—was whistling, like any schoolboy.

TREASURE FROM THE EAST

By Carlton Culmsee

Out of the East has rolled
Wealth that is strange and fair—
The sunset of jewels, the rainbow of silks, and rare
Perfumes and fruits unknown to men of old.

But the fairest and strangest of all
Was a book with a golden tale
Of a Prince who wore no sword or coat of mail,
Won no rich land, and seemed in shame to fall,
But gave the world a breathing hope—and a Call!

This treasure from the East,
This tale of stable-birth
And the lad who rose from it to mold the earth,
Is childhood's heritage and wonder-feast.

Let not a Christmas board
Be lacking in this food,
In the beauty and awe of the Manger and the Rood;
Let every child of the nation's plastic horde
Grow hale with faith in a glad, much-giving Lord.

What Did the Prophet Joseph Smith Do For Women?

By Ruth May Fox

THE difference existing between the status of women industrially, socially, and economically a hundred years ago, and the present time has been, and is being discussed so frequently that the subject is worn almost thread-bare, therefore we pass by that phase of woman's advancement.

The purpose of this article is to bring to the attention of Latter-day Saint women, especially, what they owe to the Prophet Joseph Smith for blessings and benefits that have come to them during the last century.

As I contemplate the question, it looms so large that I am almost overwhelmed with amazement, and feel to exclaim—what has Joseph Smith *not* done for women? And I wonder whether my vision is clear enough, and my understanding keen enough to in anyway give an adequate answer.

A CENTURY ago America offered great inducements in a material way to any who wished to better their condition but had it not been for the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, many thousands would have remained in the old world. Through the faith and prayers of the Prophet, the gates of Heaven were unlocked, and a great light illuminated the world. Through him the Gospel of Jesus Christ was restored, and there came to those who accepted it a regeneration, a newness of life that displaced tyranny with love.

This great blessing reacted upon women. Thousands were brought from a condition of arduous labor, and servitude to a land of liberty and freedom of conscience, where the very atmosphere taught them that they were individuals. This was but the beginning. Their posterity for generations to come will receive the benefits flowing from this God inspired movement.

WHEN the Prophet organized the Relief Society on March 17th, 1842, there were few, if any groups of women working in a public capacity, therefore it was a marvelous innovation for women to be given the responsibility of building up and managing an Institution which was eventually to become a system of organized charity throughout the Church, and also a means of educating and broadening their field of activity. True, it was natural, as the Prophet said, for women to have feelings of charity and benevolence, and that now they were placed in a situation in which they could act according to those sympathies God had placed in their bosoms. He very wisely told them to not go too fast, but to proceed cautiously, select their members with scrupulous care, for "zeal without knowledge was always dangerous."

This organization was to be conducted with intelligence and faith in God, thus adding divine power to their own abilities, judgment, and initiative. Nevertheless the leaders were faced with grave responsibility. Without definite training they must pioneer the way, learn by experience to use powers and capabilities that

they scarcely knew they possessed. Thus their energies were stimulated and there came a feeling of independence and a righteous ambition to develop their talents for the good of God's children, and their own happiness. Surely a mighty uplift had come to women. In the beginning, according to the Bible, the Lord made woman to be a helpmeet to her husband, which plainly shows that man needed her assistance. And the woman that can help her husband most is the one who in addition to her family duties will develop her mind, and keep abreast with him religiously and intellectually that she may have sympathy for him and strengthen him in his work. The husband of such a woman "shall be known in the gates," which means that he shall be appointed to positions of trust and honor. Never at any time has the Lord branded his daughters as being inferior to his sons. But because of the prevalent idea that might made right, man subjugated woman. The Prophet Joseph Smith elevated her, placed her in her rightful position by the side of man. Indeed he explained that no man was perfect without the woman, neither is the woman perfect without the man.

COMMON consent is the rule in our Church. When the Church was organized, women voted independently as did the men. When the Prophet received revelations for the whole Church, it was for the benefit of *all* members. Moreover, the women were blessed—set apart to their various callings. Some were given the right to "expound the scriptures and exhort the Church." Indeed the Church could not be complete without man and woman working together. Therefore, the whole plan of salvation is for women, as well as men. There are no restrictions as to who may participate in the Temple services because of sex. The laying on of the hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost is also for women to receive if they are worthy. The reception of this spirit is a gift beyond price, verily a gift of God. It will lead, guide, and direct in every emergency if humbly sought for. It will explain and testify of the truth.

Women do not receive the Priesthood, but a woman is privileged to be the companion of a man who does, and is entitled to the blessings of this holy order. To receive a blessing under the hands of one holding the holy Priesthood to do certain work is no small thing. No women outside of the Latter-day Saint Church have such a privilege.

WHAT woman knew that God was a personal being as also His Son, Jesus Christ, until that knowledge was revealed through Joseph the Prophet?

What woman knew anything about pre-existence, where she came from, why she was here, or where she was going after death?

What woman knew anything about eternal progression, that the righteous knowledge she obtained here would be the foundation of her further advancement in the next sphere of action?

What woman knew anything of marriage for eternity or the reunion of family relationships in the hereafter?

A HUNDRED years ago millions of mothers—I am not sure that there are not that many now—suffered untold agony because they had been taught that infants who died without baptism would go to an ever-

lasting hell. A short time ago a poor mother, who had taken refuge with hundreds of others in the supposedly impregnable Fortress Alcazar, Madrid, Spain, was watching her two weeks old baby die with that awful fear in her heart. It so happened that a priest gained admission to the Fortress for a short time, and in answer to her pleadings: "Won't you baptize my baby?" responded to her request, which modified at least one agony. If the Prophet had done no other thing for women than to explode the fallacy of such a pernicious doctrine, his name should be immortalized.

TODAY thousands of women hold executive positions in the L. D. S. Church and have become real helpmates to the Bishops. Thousands of others visit the homes of the Saints and are veritable ministering angels in their several communities.

That wonderful organization, The Singing Mothers, which is bringing joy and uplift to thousands of women, is an outgrowth of the teachings of the Prophet.

Again I am led to exclaim, "What has *not* the Prophet Joseph Smith through and by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, done for women?"

It's Days Before Christmas

By H. R. Merrill

It's days before Christmas and in our small cot
The kids are all dreaming of what Kris has got;
They hope he has skates, and some trains and great dolls,
And even bright nothings and such fol-der-ols.

I tell 'em that Kris is a practical guy,
That worthless old gim-cracks he never will buy;
He may bring a sweater, some socks, or a hat,
Or mittens or Cord'roys and such stuff as that.

But, gosh, my heart bleeds when I think of a tree
That's not rainbowed up with stuff jest to see.
I have it—there's Mary—as smart as a whip,
And no one's seen skeeters on me any trip.

By gum, we'll get busy and we'll do our stuff;
We've got our two eyes and our hands—that's enough.
I'll get my knife busy, my saw and my plane—
Why that solves our problem—I'm happy again!

My Mary can make jest the swankiest tricks
That ever was dreamed of—No toys? Fiddlesticks!
We'll cut and we'll fit and we'll paint and we'll draw—
Such stuff as we'll have no Kris ever saw!

It's days before Christmas and in our small house
We're busy, but bless you, we're as still as a mouse.
And on Christmas morning some six pairs of eyes
Will pay us for scheming—Oh, what a surprise!

Keeping Up With Santa

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

FOUR year old Ronny eagerly confided to the department store Santa that he wanted a screw driver and a tow chain to pull his little cars.

Christmas morning he stood blinking in amazement at the beautiful electric train and other toys under the Christmas tree. Of course, he was excited with the generous array of gifts, but something was wrong. "Santa made a mistake! He brought me a train instead of the screw driver and chain." His little voice trembled and two big tears tumbled down his rosy cheeks.

"Perhaps he put them in your stocking," someone suggested.

Sure enough, there they were right in the toe of his stocking, and what a thrilled little boy Ronny was. Daddy was very disappointed that Ronny was not more interested in the train, but Ronny had not yearned for a train for thirty years as Daddy had. Ronny had wanted the five cent chain and the ten cent screw driver for months and months, which made them mean much more to the little lad.

We parents are rather inclined to interpret our children's desires and enthusiasms in relation to our own unfulfilled youthful yearnings. In this, we are somewhat selfish. Our selfishness or shortsightedness leads us to often make unwise purchases. If Ronny had longed for an electric train for several years and had reached an age where he understood the operation of its several intricate switches, he would have treasured the gift until he was grown, and would have taken good care of it. Human nature seems to value most those things for which we work the hardest or wait the longest.

If we buy little four-year-olds electric trains and such things, what will we give them when they are eight and nine, really old enough to want and value the gift?

WE are frequently extravagant because we spend so much more than we really need to. In this we are making the child selfish and greedy and are storing up trouble for ourselves in the future. We often buy large expensive toys when smaller cheaper ones would please the child just as much if not more. Last Christmas Nancy wanted a dolly washer. Her fancy was an inexpensive washer, but mother saw a beauty (costing three times as much). It pleased the mother's eye and appealed to her sense of good quality. It would last longer and looked so much more like a real electric washer.

Christmas morning young Nancy was very disappointed. The expensive toy was not what she wanted, as in the case of Ronny. She set the washer back under the Christmas tree, where it stayed for several days. Yes, it will last longer than the one she wanted because she seldom uses it.

OF course the pendulum swings the other way when John wants something the parents can't really afford. Then comes the task of leading John to want something else. If we are skillful in handling the situation, John will never suspect that he has been persuaded to change his desire.

Parents are often confronted with the problem of "keeping up with the Joneses." All of Nancy's little friends are going to get something which we simply cannot afford for her. Just what can we do about it? Shall we indulge the child's desire to save her heart break, or shall we start right there to teach her self-denial and sacrifice for the good of others? If she is old enough to have this situation arise, she is old enough to reason with and learn wholesome self-sacrifice.

The far-sighted parent understands which toys are really adaptable to the child's mental and physical age. It is not a difficult matter to guide the child's interest in that direction. If toys fit the child's activity age we have saved many unhappy hours of petulance, whining, and discontent.

PARENTS are frequently lazy in choosing toys, because they fear constructive toys and educational games will require some of their time to teach the child how to use them. Yet, in the end they serve two valuable purposes: they bring us closer to our children; and they provide tools for the creative ability within the child. Thus provided with something he can create or construct, a child will be content for many happy hours.

A few creative or constructive toys adaptable to different ages might be mentioned here:

Blocks, of course, appeal to almost all ages from one year on up. (Even mother and dad enjoy building towers and castles on the floor with the youngsters.) There are so many beautiful sets of blocks in every size, shape and color. Recently we saw a set in semi-hard rubber, which the little year old can chew and throw to her heart's content with no damage to child, blocks, or furniture.

Crayons usually appeal to children over three. These with the beautiful coloring books available for ten or fifteen cents bring many peaceful hours to the home.

Modeling clay puts something pliable into the hands of the creative child of five and will hold his interest for many years. If he only rolls balls they become apples, oranges, grapes, beads, marbles, or any number of objects which his little mind can think of.

The mechano and other constructive sets including Lincoln Logs and other types of building materials offer a splendid opportunity for keeping 6 to 15 year old minds and hands occupied. If father is wise to his opportunities he will find many hours of fine companionship with his sons as they work together on these construction jobs. These will be hours which neither son nor father will ever forget.

Toy departments are filled with creative toys for every age, too numerous to mention here. There are some which can very easily be duplicated at home for very little expenditure where family budgets are very limited. We will mention one for example: the popular hammer-nail sets. These are splendid for the four and five year olds. The local lumber yards have several types of building board which will cost very little for a piece 15 by 18 inches. Five cents worth of nails, a small hammer, and a twenty-five cent box of the little colored pieces to be nailed on (these are available in most toy departments where the hammer-nail sets are sold) completes a toy which will please almost any little child.

In the summer time, there is nothing to compare with the sand pile for providing material for creative ability. Where a warm, dry basement is

part of the family home, it is possible to continue the sand pile throughout the winter, by making a cement or wooden sand box with sides high enough to prevent the sand from escaping. In buying sand, we should remember that there is a great difference in sands. River or beach sand is clean, round, and free of dust, while sand from mountain sand pits is usually dusty and scratchy, which makes it cling to little feet and hands.

IN our search for appropriate Christmas gifts we must not forget books, because they should be a vital part of the life of every child. There are books for all ages and interests at almost any price we wish to pay.

At no time in the history of literature has there been such a wealth of books for all ages. As a rule, the children's books of today are beautifully illustrated making them so attractive. But we should be careful in our selection of books for they help to lay the foundation of character in the child. His love of good literature or distate for books of any kind can so easily be influenced by the type of books we place in his young hands.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher says: "Be sure that any child in your care has free access to the fine old books, from Peter Rabbit to the Wonderful Adventure of Nils, from Grimms' Fairy Tales to the William Henry Letters, Alice in Wonderland, Toby Tyler, Treasure Island, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, and all the rest. Any librarian can tell you their names."

Let us be sure that each child has at least one good book added to his personal library each Christmas and birthday.

There is one other phase of book buying which is very important, and about which most parents are sadly uninformed. I refer to the buying of sets of books, such as encyclopedias and reference books. Such a set makes an ideal Christmas gift for the whole family if our children have reached the school age where they are ready to use reference books. It is a useful gift which lasts for many years.

Bruce Barton says: "A good modern encyclopedia is the cornerstone of every personal library."

Dr. Frank Crane has said: "The encyclopedia underlies, supports, complements all other books. It is the one book you cannot afford not to own. . . . The sure-footed mind is not the one that knows things; it is the one that knows where to find things. The person with the encyclopedia habit does not carry in his head all knowledge, but he has the key to the storehouse; he knows right where to go and get what he needs. The encyclopedia is as necessary to the laborer as to the college president. A man's library should grow with his life. His books are like the flesh he puts on; and some men are too fat, and others are too lean."

In buying a set of encylcopedias most parents are at the mercy of the first salesman who approaches them. There is much good in all sets, but there is a great difference and value in them. If we contemplate putting a fairly large sum of money into any purchase, we usually investigate the whole field, or shop around a little, to make sure that we are getting the best for our money. This is seldom true when we buy a set of reference books. Usually the sales talk of the agent is so convincing that we buy the first set so offered at our door without any investigation.

Having no standard by which to judge, we are at the disadvantage of having to take the agent's word for the merit of his publication. But no wise parent will invest in any set of books without first consulting reliable sources of information as to the relative merit of different sets of reference books. The public libraries usually have several different sets and most librarians will gladly help you in your comparison. The American Library Association publishes a quarterly publication called Subscription Books Bulletin which is a great help in selecting a set of encyclopedias. This bulletin is to be found in most public libraries.

The April, 1930, issue of the Subscription Books Bulletin tells how to judge an encyclopedia. The three cardinal points which decide the standing of any encyclopedia are:

1. Authority of its information, including,
   Accuracy.
   Completeness.
   Up-to-dateness.

2. Extent to which the work sends the readers to other sources of information, i. e., its bibliographies.

3. Mechanical arrangement. This should be such that any information included can be found by the ordinarily careful reader.

To test the accuracy of such a set of books, take two or three subjects about which you are quite well informed, and see what the encyclopedia says about these subjects. If the information is accurate it is safe to conclude that each article has been written by real authority even if the articles are not signed. Usually such articles are signed and the author's name alone vouches for the accuracy of the statements.

It should be remembered in buying reference books that each year new material will be added to new editions. What does the publisher offer in helping you to keep your set up to date? Some publishing houses provide a loose leaf book like the binding of the set, and for a very small sum will send the owners of a set the new material contained in the new editions. This seems to be an adequate method of keeping your set up-to-date.

There are some sets of books which are graded, and agents point out that while your child is three and four there is a book which fits his needs and as he progresses there are books into which he grows. There is one disadvantage in such a set. By the time your child has reached the age where he needs to use the reference books himself the set is out-of-date. There are so many single books which adequately meet the needs of younger children that it seems unwise to invest so much money before he is ready to use the books himself.

If you are careful in your selection, you can make a fine contribution to your children's mental development through buying a good set of reference books. It will be a Christmas gift they will enjoy for many years.

IN our Christmas giving to our children, what part of ourselves are we really giving to them? There is a little song which the children of today are singing:

"What makes life the sweetest,
Bestest and completest?
Not a big doll house, nor a Mickey Mouse,
But the right somebody to love."

It is not the lavish expenditure for beautiful gifts that will endear us to

our children. They will forget in the years the sacrifice we made to buy them expensive gifts, but time will never erase the memory of the sleigh rides, picnics, hikes, the games we play with them, our joyous smile, the evening story hour, or the songs we sing with them.

So—This year let us tuck a bit of ourselves deep down in the toe of each stocking, to be used each day of the year to endear us to our children.

THOUGHTS OF MARY AFTER SHE HAD BEEN INFORMED THAT SHE WOULD BECOME THE MOTHER OF JESUS CHRIST, SON OF THE LIVING GOD

By Lottie Hammer Singley

Two tiny arms are reaching for mine,
Two tiny lips to my lips I'll press,
Two tiny hands in my hair entwine—
A precious soul to cuddle and bless

To this cold earth comes my darling sweet
Unspoiled, unblemished, devoid of sin;
Here pain and sorrow he must reap
And I shall be the proud mother of him

Joy beyond words you have brought this day,
Angel, for bearing this glad news divine
To lighten his burdens along his way
I'll aid in this God-given mission sublime

I know when a man, the cross he must bear
To atone for the sins of his brothers;
Let me prove true to this God-given trust,
Serenely devoting my life as his mother

AT MEMORIAL COTTAGE

By Alice R. Rich

A sacred lovely calm
Pervades the place,
And memories,
Sweet as the breath
Of meadow flowers,
Come to us
Through the years.
'Twas here that Lucy,
Favored Mother of our race,
Welcomed to her waiting arms
The infant seer.

The old hearth stone,
'Round which the young lad played,
Rests now before
The glowing fire.

With love of God
Within our hearts,
We stand before the humble shrine,
And to our souls
There comes
A reverence mild,
Akin to that
Which came direct from God
To Israel's liberator
And Guide:
"Take off thy shoes,
For sacred is the ground
On which you stand."

An Old Fashioned Christmas

By Zipporah L. Stewart

IT was June. Ebenezer Brown arose very early after a sleepless night in the old rock farm house in Eden Valley. With a heavy step he went out through the kitchen and onto the back porch. The house dog sprang out from the corner for his usual morning greeting, only to turn back disappointedly without a word from the man who did not even see him.

Out through the yard gate past the barn and over the old creek bridge and through the cow pasture he strolled, to a clump of wood at the right of a field of corn that he, with Jim, had planted just yesterday.

Ezenezer sat down, rested his head on two sturdy work worn hands and gazed over his eighty acres. Better than fifty years ago, when just a young man, he had helped grub the sage from these fields. For forty years he had paid taxes on them. Not one year had they been delinquent. They were his very own. He understood and loved them. With Ann by his side he had made a home for six boys and girls, five of whom had left to make homes of their own in the neighboring country side.

Today as he reviewed the past, his heart was bitter. Somehow things did not seem worth striving for. Jim, his youngest boy, whom he thought he could lean and depend upon to carry on the work in the fields now that he and Ann were growing old, had failed him.

This lad hated farm life; these corn and hay fields, the barn and cow sheds, yes, even the rock farm house was old fashioned and ugly to him. He wanted real life. A city with lights, moving cars, modern homes, shows, laughter, girls, who could give him all the thrills his heart called for.

TODAY, Ebenezer felt nearer Ann than ever before. She was the only one who knew and understood. She had been by his side, always. She had helped to plan and build the rock farm house. She had held the young trees in the hole, while he had packed the dirt around their roots. She had watered them and together they had watched them grow to stately beautiful shade trees, that almost covered the house and out buildings in the yard.

These and more thoughts went through the mind of Ebenezer Brown as he sat on the wood stump near the corn field. They had so absorbed his mind, that he had failed to notice the sun rise with its lovely colors and the haze it spread over the hills back of him. A meadow lark on a cedar post near by pouring out his morning song, was unheard by this man with a heavy heart.

Suddenly he became aware that he was wasting time. It was getting late. The cows must be milked in time for the milk man who called at seven. He arose, half startled as if he had experienced a stupid ugly dream. He walked hurriedly toward the house. As he turned and went over the bridge by the barn he noticed Jim coming toward him with his best clothes on. He was walking defiantly as though he meant business and was going to put it over right now. They met at the yard gate. These two men who were filled with pent up, angry emotions, burst forth immediately into a series of de-

cisive sharp angry words. Words that cut deep into the heart of each and made jagged wounds, that only time could erase.

IN the farm house Ann Brown was preparing breakfast. She knew that father and Jim were always disagreeing about the farm, and going to the city to live. In her quiet way she had soothed them and smoothed things over to keep peace. She felt that Jim was only young and father didn't understand boys anyway.

ANN was startled when Jim came bounding through the back door demanding that she pack the family suitcase at once, for he was going away. He was tired of it all. He was going where people understood him. Where he could enjoy life and see things.

She was convinced now that the climax had come, that she could do no more. In her quiet way, with tears falling from her pale cheeks she went to the attic and found the suitcase that had been unused for many years. She dusted it off and packed it with freshly ironed shirts, underwear and socks. It wasn't much for Jim to leave with, but it carried all he owned.

In the kitchen she found Jim pacing restlessly back and forth. He took the suitcase, gave his mother a hurried kiss on the forehead, and rushed out the front door and up the lane to the main highway.

Ann dropped to her rocking chair in the corner, convulsed with sobs that seemed to tear heart and soul apart.

The days and weeks that followed at the Brown farm home were sad ones. Father Brown kept up a haughty pride that would not give in when Ann had tried to persuade him to go to the city to search for their boy and bring him home again.

FALL came. Crops were gathered. The pantry and cellar as usual were filled to overflowing for winter. Far more than was needed for the table of Ann and Ebenezer. But the children and grandchildren were always coming home for a few days, and then too, they must have something to take back with them.

Thanksgiving came, then Christmas and the holidays were passed, spring and planting time had come again. Ann had watched and waited every day for Jim's return or for a letter telling where he was, but all in vain. His place was always set at the table and at night the door was never locked for fear he might return and find it so. Three years passed and no message had come.

IT was Christmas time. The snow was piled high; in places it covered the fences and sheds. Ann Brown had spent days preparing for Christmas. The children, and grandchildren would all be home, what a crowd they made. Not only had she been preparing food, but for weeks and months before this she had been working on gifts for all of them. From scraps of old woolens she had pieced two large quilts, for the two older girls and filled them with home carded wool. A number of fluffy, soft, pillows had been made from the down off her geese she had plucked during the summer months. These she would give to her sons' wives. For the three older boys she had knitted woolen socks. They would give extra comfort when the boys were out after cattle on cold days. Warm mittens, scarfs and caps were crocheted or knitted for each of the grandchildren. These were careful-

ly wrapped in bright colored papers tied with Christmas cord and safely hidden away in a large box in her bed room ready for Christmas morning when the children would be there, and the annual Christmas party would take place in the old fashioned living room.

AT last Christmas Eve had arrived. Ann Brown gave a tired sigh as she sat down in her rocker by the little window in the kitchen. On her range stove two large plum puddings were simmering. In her pantry, the shelves were loaded with good things to eat—pumpkin and mince pies, a large platter of home made honey candy. Best of all two large fine turkeys, the pick of her flock, were stuffed ready for the oven. She had spent the afternoon at this task, and felt quite relieved and proud when she put them on the shelf. A basket of shining apples and two huge logs were placed by the open fire place. Over the old mantle shelf and on top of the book case she had arranged pine boughs. On these, bits of white cotton were dotted around with shining tinsel scattered over to represent sparkling snow. Streamers of red and green paper hung from the corners of the room, and were draped in the middle to the cords of the hanging lamp. The lamp itself was adorned with green bows and tinsel. The very atmosphere of her home breathed a true spirit of Christmas. While Ann was happy and satisfied with her Christmas preparations, tonight somehow she felt such a longing for her lost boy.

IT was early twilight outside, and a bitter cold night. Ann wondered why father was so long with his chores. She thought he must be giving the cattle an extra feed of oats and perhaps fresh straw beds for Christmas Eve. As she looked out her window across the fields of white, she noticed a small dark spot in the snow at the head of the lane. It seemed to be moving toward the house. Father must have let one of his cattle out. What a job it would be getting it in this cold night with the snow so deep.

She watched more closely, the dark object came nearer. She could see that it was a man with a suitcase. She thought it was some traveler who had lost his way in the deep snow drifts and was coming here for warmth and shelter for the night.

She stepped to the stove and added more coal to her fire and pushed the soup kettle forward. Whoever it was he must be hungry and cold.

In a few moments this stranger had entered the front gate and rounded the corner past the kitchen window and onto the back porch. Ann Brown opened the door. Immediately she was enveloped in two strong arms, and her face was smothered with kisses. "Mother" was the only word spoken. Words were unnecessary. Both understood.

Jim noticed the extra place set at the kitchen supper table. "Were you expecting someone, mother?" he asked. She answered, "Yes, Jim, you."

In a moment the father's step was heard on the porch. A feeling of terror seemed to strike at the heart of Ann Brown. A flash of the harsh angry words spoken that morning in June, when Jim had left home, went through her mind. She knew how stern and almost stubborn father had been about the whole affair. Now what would he do? Could he forgive this wanderer who had come home on Christmas Eve?

Jim seemed to experience the same

feeling of terror. The old man stepped into the room. He stood for a moment, almost as if he were frozen to the spot. His eyes were round and glassy, the lines of his face were hardened with the old emotion he had felt when the boy had gone away. Jim saw this, but with his heart and very being filled with forgiveness that only one feels who has truly repented, he sprang forward to embrace his father. Instantly as if by magic the old man's heart was softened. He gently caressed and welcomed this wanderer back to their fireside again.

WHAT a glorious Christmas Eve the Browns spent. The bitterness of the past was forgotten and only happy plans for the future were talked of. Life seemed suddenly to be worth while. They were all so happy with the satisfaction that comes with true forgiveness and repentance.

Jim's blue eyes filled with tears when he saw the pantry shelves loaded with the Christmas feast, and his mother related to him the plans for the morrow.

Christmas morning Jim was up bright and early making fires and doing chores about the place. Father was made to understand that his place was in doors, on cold mornings.

BREAKFAST was soon over, and the turkeys were put to cook. Father wanted dinner at noon or soon after. He never liked this idea some city folks had of serving it at three or four o'clock, besides the children were all hungry at noon.

About ten o'clock sleigh bells and merry voices were heard outside. The children had come and what a happy surprise it was, when Jim came out to greet them.

WHEN greetings were over, the horses unhitched and taken to the barn, wraps and overshoes put to dry, the family gathered around the open fire place for the real Christmas fun. Mother's great box of gifts was dragged out from behind her bedroom door. Her home made remembrance for each, seemed to be the greatest thrill of all. Everyone large and small gave and received presents. Grandfather presented each child with a large orange, and what a treat this was. Jim also had his share of last minute remembrances.

Father, watching his big silver watch, kept time for the party, and reminded mother when it was noon.

At twelve-thirty the family was all seated around two long tables. How interesting those two tables were with their variety of grandmother's old-fashioned chairs around them—big chairs, little chairs, chairs that wore signs of many coats of paint. These had been decorated to match the woodwork in the kitchen from year to year. There were chairs with velvet backs adorned with crocheted medallions. Two rosewood chairs with wicker bottoms, that came with the first bed room set, were brought out for these special occasions. The wash bench with a quilt thrown over it finished the line-up around the children's table.

Everyone, old and young, was eager to begin. With Jim home it was complete. Everyone was happy. Ebenezer Brown sat in his old-fashioned arm chair at the head of the table and as this family sat with heads bowed he offered a blessing on the food.

AFTER dinner they all seemed a bit stupid—a Christmas feast that Ann Brown had prepared was

apt to react that way in spite of the best digestive organs.

It was not long, however, before the fun began again. A program was arranged by one of the older girls and everyone took a part. Father sang an old-fashioned song and step-danced on the hearth stone to the delight of the younger ones. A variety of talent was displayed. Old-fashioned songs and stories down to the later songs and modern poems were recited and sung.

LATER in the afternoon the apple basket was passed around. When the fire bed was just right Father Brown began to pop the corn, what a pile of it he did pop. Part of it they flavored with yellow butter and salt and the rest was flavored with molasses, and molded into large popcorn balls for the younger ones. The home-made honey candy and dishes of pine nuts were passed around. Every one seemed to have an endless cavity inside to fill, for on these days there was always room for more.

At last it was time for this Christmas party to end. It was so cold outside, and the children they felt must get home before it was too late. Rocks were heated and put around in the sleighs to keep the little folks warm. Mother Brown had prepared a few turkey sandwiches for those who felt the need of a little more nourishment.

WHEN the last sleigh load was snugly tucked in and had driven away, the old couple listened to the tinkle of their sleigh bells in the cold night air, until they faintly died away in the distance.

The rooms of the farm home that were so orderly in the morning, now presented an upside-down appearance. Bits of honey candy, nut shells, pop corn and colorful scraps from the Christmas wrappings, were scattered all over the floor. This did not seem to worry Ann Brown in the least. Every one had been so happy. Why should she worry, if a little candy was stuck to her best carpet. It would be so easy to sponge off.

With the help of father and Jim things were soon put in their places. and the worst of the litter gathered up. She would arrange things in apple pie order in the morning, after she had rested.

Ebenezer, Ann and Jim were sitting in the twilight around the last dying embers of the fire that had burned so brightly during the day. The fire, too, seemed to feel that it had done its best to add to the Christmas cheer, and was now about to fade away for the night. The still quietness of the old house seemed to bring with it a feeling of melancholy after such a joyous day, when its walls had fairly echoed with laughter and shouts of merry children.

As these three were about to part for the night, they knelt together. The voice of Ebenezer Brown was heard in an earnest prayer of thanksgiving to God, for his blessed home and family, and for Jim, his youngest boy, who had repented and come home.

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie C. Carroll

VII

STEVE came in from his ranch to a meeting of the rodeo committee. Helen saw him as he was preparing to go back and was shocked at his appearance. He was thin and haggard, his eyes dark and brooding.

"As I expected," he told her, "the calves were gone when I had got to the ranch that day we'd seen Lon. You see, because of previous experiences, I always keep a special watch over my unbranded calves. That day, I left Lon on guard. But when some of my other men came in from riding they found both the calves and Lon missing. As usual the search for clues has been useless."

"You went to Lon when I sent that word about his being at Mrs. Morley's? Couldn't he tell you what had happened?"

Steve shook his head.

"By the time I got there, he was delirious. I helped the doctor take him to the Lodge. He hasn't known anything since and I'm afraid he won't pull through. God! Wouldn't I like to know who gave him that beastly gash! If we could find that out, we'd know a lot of other things too."

Helen was sorry for Steve. Would it help if he knew that she was a sharer, at least to some extent, in his troubles? But Uncle Billy had said to wait.

"Thanks for letting me ride your horse. I've been wondering if you'd sell him to me?"

Steve gave her a queer look.

"We don't sell our pals. Maje is more than that to me. Maje and Prince and Uncle Billy and Molly and Lon are all the family I have." He laughed, but Helen felt that he was serious. "I've told Maje my secrets and my dreams almost as long as I can remember. He's getting too old for rough range riding, but I couldn't sell him—to anybody. But I hope you'll keep on riding him. He needs exercise."

ONE afternoon a few days later, Bernice Hawley asked Helen to ride to Bright Angel Point with her. Since their meeting on the trail the day Helen had been to Tess Morley's, Bernice had been more friendly. Helen accepted the invitation.

When they came opposite Pete Rockwood's camp, Bernice suggested that they call on the young flier.

"Pete's awfully nice," she said, "I like him. He treats me swell. If I hadn't seen Steve Heyden first, I believe I could fall for Pete."

They found young Rockwood completely recovered from his accident, and taking tourists over the canyon regularly again. He was glad to see them—especially Bernice, as Helen immediately observed. He was as much enamoured with her as she was with young Heyden; and she was as indifferent to his advances as Steve was to hers. What strange tangles the web of human emotions get into, Helen thought.

Pete invited them to have an air-ride, but a group of tourists came as they were about to start. The girls told him they would come some other day and rode on to Bright Angel Point.

When Helen caught her first glimpse of Grand Canyon Lodge, rising as it seemed, out of the im-

pregnable stone wall of the great gorge itself, she felt almost as she had done at her first sight of the canyon.

Fred Grosbeck came into the lobby a moment after their arrival and offered himself as guide. He led them to points where they could obtain the finest views. Helen was thrilled. The immensity and the grandeur of the great chasm was beyond human comprehension. Fred had them look through telescopes. They could see the El Tovar hotel on the other rim of the canyon fourteen miles away. They even detected the puffing smoke from an incoming train.

Helen knew Fred was watching her closely and trying to make an occasion to speak with her alone; but she forestalled all his efforts.

"When are you coming out here to stay for awhile?" he asked. "You'd enjoy the changing moods of the canyon. It's never the same two days—or two hours. At dawn and in the moonlight it's superb."

"It must be, and I want to see it in all its moods. But I don't think I could stand to see it continuously. It's—too overpowering—too awful. I like better to stay at the Park and make little worshiping rites of my visits. I should hate to think that it ever might become commonplace."

When they were ready to leave she asked, "How is your patient—the Indian boy?"

"Still bad. Tonight or tomorrow will see the crisis. If that last serum doesn't help it will soon be over for him."

"Who's sick?" Bernice asked.

"A young Indian boy," Grosbeck answered evasively, and Helen instantly guessed that Steve was trying to keep the fact of Lon's condition from being generally known.

"Is it Lon Dean?" "I heard my dad trying to find out where he is."

"I'm not sure what the kid's name is. I must go now and see him. But I'll be looking for you again."

"I wonder if it can be Lon?" Bernice said as they started toward their horses. I haven't seen him around for days, have you?"

"I don't know him," Helen answered and began asking questions about the history of the lodge.

When they were riding back toward the Park, Bernice said suddenly, "I believe that doctor is in love with you. The way he looked at you and kept trying to get you out on some special little place where only two could stand made me feel in the way."

"What an imagination you have," Helen laughed.

"I don't think it's imagination. It's funny your husband didn't come with you. All the fellows just naturally think you're a widow and fall for you."

"Nonsense." Then to put a stop to the girl's conjectures and to forestall any silly gossip Helen added,

"Dr. Grosbeck is my husband's closest friend. He was best man at our wedding."

A few miles from Bright Angel Point the girls saw a group of working men.

"They're making a trap," Bernice explained, "to catch cattle for the coming rodeo. Let's go over and watch them."

As they rode nearer they saw Tess Morley with her movie camera.

"She just uses that camera as an excuse to be around the men," Bernice whispered. "I'd like to find out where *her* husband is, or if she ever had one."

Tess fascinated Helen. She wanted to know her, so she rode around to the side of the trap where Tess was adjusting her machine for another reel of pictures.

"Do you mind if we watch you?"

she asked. "It looks very interesting."

"It's a free country," Tess answered without looking up. Then quite suddenly she turned, her eyes dark with anger.

"I understand you were out to my place not long ago."

"Yes. Don't you remember I asked you if I might come. I wanted to see Molly Dean.

"I hope you were satisfied and got what you were looking for. I prefer, however, that people who call on my help, come when I am home."

"My, didn't she scorch you!" Bernice said as she and Helen turned back to the road.

"I wonder why?" Helen mused.

"That's easy. You're as good looking as she is and Steve Heyden likes you." But Helen knew this was not the explanation.

PREPARATIONS went forward for the rodeo. The big corrals across the flat from the hotel became practice arenas. Shouting men and bellowing cattle made the place echo the old days of the Bar V ranch.

Contestants arrived daily to register and to put finishing touches to their training. Girls came for the events open to women.

Helen caught the spirit of the occasion. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. She longed to be able to do the things these dark-skinned, supple cow-girls could do. Every day she rode for hours, and practiced running, jumping logs, and throwing a lariat. She grew to love Maje and to understand the hurt she had given Steve when she had asked to buy the horse. The things she was striving to do should come easy for she had inherited potentialities from her father. What she needed was someone to teach her, to show her the technique.

IT had been several days since she had seen Steve. Then he came to meet her one afternoon as she returned from practice. He looked more tired and worn than ever. Worry over the cattle mystery and anxiety for Lon Dean were telling on him.

"I thought you and Uncle Billy had been kidnaped," she greeted him.

"I'd like to be."

"Where is Uncle Billy? The tourists are disappointed that he never comes to tell his stories anymore. And I feel like an orphan without him. I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't left Maje for me."

Steve leaned over and patted the sorrel's mane affectionately.

"Uncle Billy's staying at the ranch. He makes me come in to these meetings for the rodeo, but I can't get up any enthusiasm this year. Are there any new entrants the last few days?"

"Heaps. They're coming in faster and faster, and such excitement and swearing and betting! I've caught the spirit myself. I wish I could rope as some of the girls I see out here practicing. Can anyone but a born bronco-buster learn things like that?"

Steve studied her.

"Sure. You surprised me the first minute I saw you on Maje. You don't sit like an amateur, and you didn't react like one that day we went to the rim. It almost seems as if you'd been born to the saddle."

"I have been practicing by myself." Her face glowed. "I can run and jump logs. Let me show you."

She touched Maje's flanks and dashed toward some fallen trees. With the ease and grace of a deer the horse leaped the first log and skimmed along the grassy ground toward the second.

Steve sat on his own horse watching with surprise and admiration. Over the second tree Helen rode on to a third a few hundred yards beyond.

She had almost reached it, when Maje's hoof went into a gopher hole, and he plunged headlong to his knees. She was hurled to the ground a dozen feet away.

"MY GOD!" Steve cried. He spurred his horse toward her. Before he reached the spot, Maje had struggled to his feet and stood motionless as though he realized what had happened.

The blood had drained from Steve's face. His heart was racing with a wild fear. He leaped to the ground and knelt beside the motionless figure. When he lifted the limp body in his arms, he saw blood trickling down one cheek.

Thank God her heart was beating. But she was like wax; he could not see her breathe. He pressed his handkerchief against the wound on her forehead.

In a few moments she opened her eyes, bewildered.

"What happened?"

He laid her gently back upon the grass, shoving his hat under her head.

"Maje stumbled into a gopher hole. Are you hurt much? What about your bones?"

He helped her to stand. She clung to him as she steadied herself on her feet.

"I made a prize exhibition, didn't I?"

"You did fine. It was that darned hole. Can you walk?"

She was still shaking, so he kept one arm about her.

"I'm all right," she assured him, after a few moments. "Just a little scratch on my forehead. I hope Maje isn't hurt."

The scar on Steve's cheek stood out white. His hands were still trembling when he began to tighten her saddle girths.

"Fellows *learn* how to light when they're thrown. But it looks as if you had an instinct how to do it. A bronco buster couldn't have done better."

"Do you think I might learn to really ride?"

"Sure. I'll teach you."

"Oh, would you help me? Do you have time?"

"Sure. I'm laying off most everything till after the rodeo. Do you feel like going now. You're still pale."

"And so are you."

"I was darned scared."

He held her stirrup for her to mount and they rode on to the hotel.

THE next morning Steve was waiting with Maje and Prince when Helen came from her cabin.

"I thought we might as well begin those lessons this morning."

"Are you sure you have time?"

"Uncle Billy's holding down the ranch until after the rodeo. He told me not to show my face. Says he's tired of my grumpiness. I'll go out every night or so to see how things are, of course, but I'll be around here about every day."

"How's Lon?"

"He's coming home tomorrow. He seems all right—physically."

"I'm glad. What did he tell you?"

"Not a thing. He can't remember what happened. Doc says his memory *may* come back. But sometimes after a hurt on the head like Lon's, it's hopeless. Do you wonder that I'm grumpy? This mystery's getting me down."

If only she might let him know it concerned her too—but not yet. She had a theory of her own. Of course it might be futile, but it seemed plausible to her.

"I suppose we'd better come to some business understanding," Helen said as they rode to the open space where she was to practice.

"About what?"

"My using Maje, and these lessons you're going to give me."

Steve drew his horse to a stop. His face flushed.

"I don't know what you mean. We don't do things that way out here."

"But I must pay you. That's only right, and it means so much to me to have a chance to learn."

"Out here in the west we don't count everything in dollars and cents. Maybe you won't understand it, but I'll consider that I'm getting my pay right along. Your husband won't object to your helping polish off a few corners from a rough fellow like me, will he?"

Helen hesitated. Should she tell him? No. It might spoil everything.

"Come on, let's begin." Steve spoke brusquely.

He was a conscientious teacher. He would have her practice over and over the correct maneuvers in throwing a rope for different purposes. He taught her how to let her body swing with the movement of the horse and how to hold her reins to check, or spur him on.

A FEW days after this training began Helen became aware that she and Steve were the subjects of gossip about the hotel. "Everyone's talking about the long hours you two spend together and were wondering what your husband would think if he knew," Bernice told her. Helen knew, too, that Mrs. Carter's tongue was busy relaying choice surmises. But she wasn't going to worry about such things.

Steve spent most of his nights at the ranch, but nearly every day he was at the Park, and Helen spent hours riding and roping calves.

Still the mystery of the lost cattle remained unsolved, and the days went by, with Lon Dean trying in vain to remember how he had come to be with a red-bearded stranger near Point Sublime one day, and had arrived at Tess Morley's place, injured and burning with fever five days later.

(*To be continued*)

Why Build Monuments?

By Mary Grant Judd

Part II

FROM a consideration of the purpose of the recently unveiled monument at Winter Quarters, it is fitting, especially at Christmas tide, to think upon the significance of the statute to the Angel Moroni which crowns Cumorah—hill sacred to an ancient and modern people. Here God, working in his own mysterious way, brought forth, through the instrumentality of a resurrected being, a witness for Christ on this American continent.

But for the Book of Mormon, the world would not be cognizant that the promise from Christ of a future visit to the "other sheep" had been fulfilled. As part of our Christmas worship, it would not be amiss for Latter-day Saints to re-read each year the beautiful story contained in the book of Third Nephi.

Here is just a glimpse of that ever impressive story as told in the book of Mormon:

"And now it came to pass
That there was a great multitude gathered together
Of the people of Nephi.

And behold!
They saw a Man descending out of Heaven;
And he was clothed in a white robe;
And he came down and stood in the midst of them;
And the eyes of the whole multitude were turned upon him;
For they thought it was an angel.

And he spake unto the people:
'I am Jesus Christ;
I am the light and the life of the world.
Behold, I have come into the world to bring redemption;
To save the world from sin;
I have laid down my life,
And have taken it up again.'

'If ye will come unto me,
Ye shall have eternal life'."

IT is natural that the Hill Cumorah, as well as the country-side immediately adjacent to it, should have a magnetic pull of interest for all true Latter-day Saints. Here, within a short distance, is the quiet farm where Joseph Smith lived as a lad, and close by, is that secluded spot, where the drowsy-sounding insects still intone their rhythmic chant and where the great trees still shelter that most hallowed spot of ground, on which the boy knelt to make his supplication.

The story of modern Cumorah is a gradual unfoldment. From an almost mythical hill, sought out by a few zealous individuals, it has become, through the importance attaching to the monument, a center of interest, attracting, in this year alone, upwards of fourteen thousand people.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, when presiding over the Eastern States Mission, conceived the idea of commemorating the event by having all the missionaries under his direction make a pilgrimage to Cumorah and there hold their annual conference. The occasion proved so inspirational that from it came the custom of making the conference at the hill a yearly event.

It was in 1928 that the Church Authorities, largely through the efforts of Apostle George Albert Smith, purchased the Hill Cumorah, as well as the Smith Farm and the Sacred Grove. With the permanent occupancy of the farm by one of our own people, it became increasingly easy for those who desired to visit these scenes so rich in Latter-day Saint history and tradition.

AFTER the purchase by the Church of this property, Presidents Ivins and Roberts were giving a radio address in which the fact of the transfer was noted. Torlief S. Knaphus, Norwegian sculptor and convert to Mormonism, was listening in. With breath-taking suddenness there flashed into his mind the thought of a monument to the angel Moroni atop the hill Cumorah.

Then and there the general plan of the sculpture took shape in his consciousness. He visualized a granite pillar supporting the figure of a man holding the sacred record in his left hand, his right arm extending upward in an attitude of exhortation. Excitedly calling his twelve year old son, before the impression escaped him, the artist had the boy pose with arm outstretched as he quickly sketched the figure which he had conceived. For a year he worked on a small model, getting the proportions correct, before he raked up courage to place his idea before the first presidency. When he did, his plan was accepted, President Anthony W. Ivins being particularly enthusiastic, and he was given a commission to go ahead. After several years of painstaking effort, the work was completed.

Connoting, as the monument does, the message of Mormonism, which if heeded will draw men's thoughts towards heaven and God, it was not by chance that the sculptor chose for his expression of art a pillar with upward leading lines. Just as the encircling green hills in the surrounding country-side seem to sweep upward to this highest eminence and culminate in the white shaft piercing the blue, so human aspirations towards the divine rise to their highest point when man, glimpsing heaven, gives heed to the Gospel plan. Then his soul is flooded with light, even as the shaft shines forth out of the darkness each night attracting the beholder for miles around, as great search lights play over the hill. And just as the monument, crowning the hill, becomes the focal point of all the surrounding country, so the message which it symbolizes is the pivotal point of the religion known as "Mormonism". With the belief in the reality of modern revelation, our religion stands or falls; there is no middle ground.

The statue to the angel Moroni announces to the world that God has spoken to man in this generation and that personality persists after death. This is the only piece of sculpture ever erected by an enlightened people to commemorate deeds done on this earth after the doer had ceased to be mortal man.

"This," says Elder Bryant S. Hinckley, "is a most remarkable thing. And the fact that gives emphasis to it, is the character of the people who did it. The Latter-day Saints are not a highly emotional people, on the contrary they are a matter-of-fact, practical, thoroughgoing people. To know that they have implicit faith in all that the monument commemorates is a marvelous testimony in a day of unbelief and skepticism."

Thus it was right and proper that the commission to execute this work of art should be given to a convert

to our faith—one who had accepted the testimony of Moroni himself in the closing chapter of the book of Mormon wherein he says that if those reading the book in the future would do so prayerfully, asking for a witness of the truth of the work, they would receive it.

This Torlief Knaphus had done years before in his native Norway, when, at the age of twenty-one, he was baptized in a river thick with ice in Oslo, the capitol of Norway, where he had gone on his own resources to further his study of sculpture and where the gospel found him. It was far from easy for young Knaphus to link his fortunes with the misunderstood people whom he joined. He was the only member of his family to embrace the gospel at that time. He knew how disappointed his parents would be to have their hopes in his artistic future shattered. But he felt such an urge to come to the Rocky Mountains that he gave up a free scholarship to study in Rome and came to Utah. He says that the Book of Mormon has always been a source of great inspiration to him and that he has read and re-read it many times. In speaking of the monument he says:

"I trust that my inperfections in not more gloriously arranging this wonderful subject shall not be an offence but that, of the millions who see it, many thousands will be deeply impressed by it and many will be led to investigate the Gospel through its erection."

THOSE who attended the services incident to the unveiling of the monument in July of last year were deeply moved by the solemnity of the occasion.

Impressed with the possibilities of declaring the message of the book of Mormon from this significant spot, President Don B. Colton of the Eastern states mission arranged to have a suitable pageant written. At the regular conference in July of this year, a dignified portrayal titled, "Truth from the Earth" was given. So successful was the effort that it is now planned to repeat it each year. It will be given out-of-doors so that great crowds can be accommodated with very little effort. Remembering the marked success of the centennial pageant in the Salt Lake tabernacle it may not be too much to anticipate that this event at Cumorah may become nationally known and that, perhaps in the life-time of some of this generation the words of Moroni himself shall be fulfilled wherein he said:

"And now I speak unto all the ends of the earth."

THE HILL CUMORAH

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

DECEMBER—Never more than at Christmas time are we grateful to the Lord for the blessing of little children.

THE printer's art is at its finest touch in producing beautiful books for children at this season. The new books with their bright colors and quaint stories will delight the little folks, but the old time favorites from Mother Goose to Gulliver's Travels are appearing in wonderful new dresses, with fanciful designs and glorious colors, like a maple tree painted by Jack Frost.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER has chosen another role in which she attains her usual success. As author of a new book, "Excuse It, Please!" she amuses and entertains equally well as she did as an unrivalled monologuist.

MISS SALLY SALMINEN, a New York house maid, recently won a $25,000 prize for a novel written after hours and sometimes on the back stairs. Her own story of struggle and determination to accomplish this is as interesting as her book.

FANNIE HURSTS' new novel, "Sister Act," has already been purchased by Warner Brothers for the screen.

MME. FLAGSTAD, Norwegian soprano, will make her first appearance in America in the role of Senta in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" at the Metropolitan this winter.

DORIS LESLIE has just had published a remarkable novel, "Fair Company." The book is a narrative so true in its historical incidents and descriptive tapestry that the reader can scarcely draw the line between the real and the imaginative part of the book. It covers the long period from 1796 through the Napoleon and Victorian eras down to the aftermath of the World War. Special emphasis is laid upon the women of these periods and the reviewers give the book much praise.

JEWELS which formerly were reserved mostly for evening wear are worn this winter on tweed suits for street and office and are even seen sparkling on hats.

MRS. BURTON W. MUSSER, of Utah, woman appointee of President Roosevelt as a member of the United States delegation to the Inter-American conference at Buenos Aires, Argentina, is a fine linguist and ardent social worker. The conference convenes in December.

MRS. ANNIE SULLIVAN MACY, teacher and companion to Helen Keller—"The world's most remarkable woman"—died last October. Was not this patient, intelligent, skillful woman equally remarkable?

MRS. ELIZA SLADE BENNION, who died late in October, was a member of the General Board of the L. D. S. Primary for over 30 years. She was a devoted mother and a loyal friend.

The Magic of Christmas

By Claire Stewart Boyer

UNLESS we become as a little child we cannot enter the heaven of Christmas.

In the hearts of women today has crept a fear that Christmas, over commercialized, is losing its glory. There is a feeling that it is circumscribed by a bank account, and that emphasis on toys, plastered with prices, has increased worry and decreased joy. With the approach of the holidays there is often a sigh, brows are furrowed, and remarks are made that seem to detract from Christmas. But the glory of Christmas can never fade. Song and story will keep it the Day of Days, and the heart of the world will be renewed by its love and peace forever.

But there is another virtue of Christmas that is in grave danger—its magic is waning. To the magic of the season then we can turn our thought, and the secret of this magic is in the heart of a child.

Why is it we yield our own desires and turn so completely from them to make Christmas real? It is partly because of the Christ to be sure, but also partly because the heart of a child is so adequate. He is able to sense and to give the intangibles to the day. He feels the love behind the gift, he evaluates not in dollars but in thoughtfulness. He lifts us to a high plane of spirituality by his emotional radiation. Impulsively he will say, "I'd like to give Jimmy a present this year, he seems so kind of lonely," or "Wouldn't it be fun to surprise Mrs. Adams? She'd never think I'd remember her," or "I've been thinking for a long time about what would make Aunt Abbie happiest," and if his little dreams can be carried out without a budget he will indeed create the magic of Christmas.

MAGIC and money are seldom found on the same shelf, anymore than fairy tales and economics are found in the same book. Both are a part of life but the longer we can keep them separate the happier we will be. Now if a child could choose he would always take the fairy stories, that is if his tastes have not been marred by careless or rigid supervision.

And yet he is not such a spendthrift. Ask a child to write down the gifts he would like to make, then stipulate an allowance to let the money determine his choices. See how his eyes lose their luster and his mind becomes uncomfortable. Freedom is a child's most coveted possession. If he can retain some of it all through his life he will never lose the magic of Christmas.

But I can hear you say, "This is so impracticable, even if we let children have their way we grown-ups can't." I wonder if you are right. I once knew a family that allotted fifty cents or a dollar for each gift from each member of the family to each member. Well, the choice of gifts is always limited with monetary limitation, so there was nothing extraordinary in their day. It became routine, then a worry, then an obligation, and finally they did away with it entirely except "just for the children." People whose love is limited just to children have lost their freedom and with it their magic. They justify their stereotyped interest in Christmas by this

stereotyped phrase. They have ceased letting their love flow in all directions and merely satisfy their sense of duty. They have become onlookers to Christmas, not participants.

There was another family and the mother would say, "Now when anyone of you gets an inspiration about a gift for anyone else you whisper it to me and we'll see what we can do about it. So there were whisperings and secret glances, and one year Clarabell would be the one to be lifted to the skies by the Great Surprise. Certainly it would be more pretentious than any one else's gift, but what did that matter? All rejoiced in the exclamation and tears of the elated one. There was no feeling of "I didn't get as much as Clarabell." Their thoughts had been directed toward giving, not getting. There was a need or a desire here and it was answered. The truly-Christmas heart finds the appropriate expression of love.

But it need not be a costly gift. Magic came into a home one night with another kind of gift—a Christmas story typed on colored paper tied with ribbons carrying the message of joy. The story became a part of Christmas night before the Yuletide fire. It was about Jesus on His seventh birthday. The eyes of the children were big with wonder, the hearts of the parents were stirred. It was a Christmas that will never be erased. Surely Conningsby Dawson gave the world a memorable gift when he wrote the story, "The Seventh Christmas."

A SPECIAL delight of the child's heart is to make something for someone. Here again we can be more thoughtful. The needle and the saw used to furnish the most satisfying gifts; and when we take time for handwork we overflow with the joy of creation. The hands can eloquently bespeak the heart. A man once purchased an old walnut bedstead. From it he made footstools for all the grey haired ladies he knew. It was his one happy Christmas. And there is always candy and cake which mothers nowdays are inclined to underestimate. They need not apologize for such gifts; in this store-made world, hand made presents are most precious.

And finally there is the supreme gift that every child gives as his own rare perfume. Many a person's Christmas has been made sublime by the words of a child, by this burst of sun from a cloud-free heart. And no one is bankrupt of words. In this realm at least we are free from budgets. We can send a message of love in words, which are indeed love's dearest messengers. The Christmas card was the answer to this desire. But it has changed.

It has become more personal, and it becomes most personal of all when it is the very words of the sender in his own beloved handwriting. Just a thought riding out on a wave of love like a ship on the tide but a ship with a harbor and an anchor. It is the anchor to the magic of Christmas.

Magic has as many modes of expression as people have varieties of thought and feeling. For these two are the creative forces in Christmas giving and Christmas living. Let this year hold its glory and its magic as well, and let it be your own kind of magic. If you need help, go to the heart of a child. For unless we become as a little child we cannot enter the heaven of Christmas.

(*Concluded on page 776*)

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Czechoslovak Mission

THE picture below is of the Czechoslovak Mission Relief Society. This picture was taken on the fifth anniversary of its organization. It is the first Relief Society to be organized in Czechoslovakia, and also the first among the Slovak people. This very fine accomplishment was made by Sister Martha Gaeth, while President of the Relief Societies of the Czechoslovak Mission. The organization now has as its President, Sister Joza Komarkooa, who was a great help to Sister Gaeth in Prague. She is a local sister and will conduct the work under Sister Martha S. Toronto, the new mission Relief Society President. The sisters in this group are thoroughly organized, and carry through the educational programs and the social activities for which they have ample opportunity in the Relief Society work.

German-Austrian Mission

WORD comes from Sister Elizabeth H. Welker, in charge of the German-Austrian Mission Relief Society, that very splendid work in this progressive Mission is accomplished through the medium of the Relief Society. Sister Welker has had very fine cooperation in her educational program, particularly in her welfare work. An excellent message she sent out to the branch organizations of her mission, was full of helpful suggestions covering all phases of Relief Society work. No finer type of educational program can be put into effect than is made possible through these fine efforts of our sisters.

New York Stake

FROM one of our new and rather distant Stakes comes this delightful information from Montclair,

THE FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

N. J., from Sister Leone Amott Rose: "We are having such success with our canning project that I want you to know about it. Then, every time you hear a grumble from some one, you can think of us, and smile.

"The women here are cheerful, hard working, Holland and American converts, with a few of us from Utah. Many of them had never before canned anything—not even a bottle of jam. We have already filled over four hundred tin cans, and we have hardly begun peaches and tomatoes. We sliced our string beans, and they are perfectly elegant. Most of the corn is whole kernel style, and, confidentially, it's plenty of work putting up corn, but my goodness, it tastes good! We also have a big trunk full of clothing —mended, folded, listed as to size, etc., and de-mothed. With such cooperation as all my officers are giving me, it is no wonder I am enthusiastic."

Boise Stake

FROM many parts of our organization we have had the most amazing reports of the Scripture-reading Project. Literally our sisters have gone "back to the Scriptures." We also have very gratifying reaction from the Teachers' Topic; it correlates so well with the Project. From Boise Stake comes this very delightful report of the manner in which the Teachers' Topic and the Scripture-reading Project can be worked out together. Mimeographed copies of the explanation of the parable and the Visiting Blank are left at each home. From the plan submitted by Sister Mabel S. Nokes, President of the Boise Stake Relief Society, we quote the following:

"Mother, what is a *Parable?*"

"A parable, dear, is a story."

"Just any kind of story, Mother?"

"No, dear. A parable is a very special kind of story, with a very special meaning, a lesson to learn."

"Do you mean a story like 'The Hare and the Tortoise?' That has a lesson to it."

"No. That is a *Fable* and the animals in it talk things over. That isn't natural, and parables always follow the natural order of things. The lesson in a parable is a spiritual one, too."

"We couldn't call a *Myth* a parable, either, then, could we? Because a myth makes such things as *Honesty* and *Victory* have beautiful bodies and *Greed* and *Laziness* have ugly bodies when they really aren't *Persons* at all."

"That's right, dear. And a parable isn't quite like a *Proverb* because it tells a whole story and lets the listener figure out how it would apply to him. And it isn't an *Allegory* because an allegory isn't natural and a parable is always natural. It is an *Earthly Story with a Heavenly Meaning.*"

"Nobody ever tells parables today, though, do they, Mother? Jesus was the only one who ever told parables, wasn't He?"

"Mercy no, dear. Many times Mothers and Fathers who are wise, tell parables to their loved ones. It is a sweet way of letting the loved one figure out a way to make himself better. Teachers know that is a very good way to teach, but it takes time and patience. Jesus was the best Teacher of all and He loved to teach by parable. He knew others would listen to Him if he talked of sheep and grain, ships and other things they knew about, and He knew they would remember His stories. He loved tact and kindness, too. Jesus loved parables."

"Oh, Mother, so do I!"

"Would you like to read to me one of my favorite parables? It is found in Luke 15, verses 1 to 7. See if you remember the name of it."

"Let me see, Luke 15. Oh, yes, here it is. 1 to 7. Oh, Mother. That is about the Lost Sheep. I know about that one."

"Yes, dear. *The Parable of the Lost Sheep.*

..... *Ward*
Boise Stake Relief Society
Visiting Teachers .....
.....
.....
Called at your home.....
(Date)
Relief Society Meetings are held every .....
from..... to..... o'clock.

As this demonstration is so fine we feel that other mothers might like to try it, so we are therefore giving it wider publicity through our *Magazine.*

Bear Lake Stake

A VERY fine report has reached the office, of the work accomplished through the Bear Lake Stake and especially the educational convention held during the month of September, at which the Stake Board members and a large number of Ward officers were in attendance. A preview of the coming year's work in the Literary Department was had. Instructions were given in reference to the Magazine Drive, and many of the Agents had unique suggestions for soliciting Magazine subscriptions. In the afternoon session a pageant was given demonstrating the use of the Teachers' Topic and also the value of the ten minutes' singing practice. The handwork of the different Wards was displayed. The Ward acting as hostesses for the occasion served a delicious luncheon. All parts of the program were presented by Ward members, and the musical numbers were furnished by the Singing Mothers. The spirit of love, unity, goodwill and fellowship was greatly increased by this meeting together of the Ward groups.

Curlew Stake

ON September 5, 1936, Sister Rebecca N. Cutler, President of the Curlew Stake Relief Society, was honored by an entertainment held in the Ward Recreation Hall. Her Stake Board acted as hostesses, and the M. I. A., and Primary Presidencies, as well as the Priesthood Presidency, were the guests, and joined in extending to Sister Cutler congratulations and best wishes on her birthday anniversary.

A THOUGHT

(*Continued from page* 773)

A thought is such a simple gift,
Its price is just an eager thrift
Of mind, a yearning of the heart
To share, its beauty to impart.

A thought is such a precious thing
No gift of gold could ever bring
The joy eternal and the light,
O pause and send a thought tonight!

Christ had no wealth to give away,
And yet the world is rich today
Because His wisdom had divined
The grace of thought to save mankind.

Notes to the Field

Literary Department

IN January we begin our lessons on Abraham Lincoln. We suggest you be on the lookout for pictures and material to enrich them. Discuss with your children, Abraham Lincoln. They already know much about him. This will prove delightful and beneficial. Make a Lincoln scrapbook including in it pictures, prose and poetry. Undoubtedly one of the finest poems written about Lincoln is Edwin Markham's "Lincoln, the Man of the People." It would make a most interesting study to contrast the poem's description of Lincoln with the prose of Carl Sandberg's "Lincoln." Almost each thought in the poem could be enlarged from splendid incidents, stories and bits of philosophy from the Sandberg book.

Work and Business Department

THAT this department is most essential to the progress of the Relief Society, and a fundamental part of our work, has long since been proven. It was established in the very beginning, not only as a way to care for the needy, but to raise funds for maintenance, and to bring together the women of the Church in a friendly, social relationship.

It would seem there was never greater need for these objectives than the present. There certainly was never greater demand for supplies of clothing, bedding and other supplies for those in need, and it is most gratifying to note the loyal, untiring support the Relief Society sisters are giving the Church relief project as well as caring for all emergencies and immediate demands.

The sale of beautiful handwork, quilts, etc., and the giving of parties, bazaars and entertainments, both enliven the Winter months and provide means to carry on. All these things are a fine stimulant towards making our meetings pleasurable and profitable. Then the interest in the Gift Card Contest, together with the new outlines on Ornamental and Beautiful Things for Christmas, Color in the Home, Remodeling, Repairing and Refurnishing have awakened a keener delight in our book, *Handicrafts for Every Woman.*

The third objective is surely not the least important—that of the social, friendly relationship. Is it not a fact that the present trend of society towards worldly pleasures may separate our interests in community life, and take from us the finer qualities of neighborly love? Working together, to help people, gives great happiness to the soul and is a splendid antidote for selfishness.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXIII DECEMBER, 1936 No. 12

Editorials

God's Gift

ALL over the civilized world the birth of the Christ Child is celebrated. Joy bells ring, glad carols are sung, reverent hymns are heard. Candle and star-lighted windows gladden the passers-by, while within garlands, trees, bells make beautiful the homes.

What a joyous time Christmas is if we do not spoil it by going into debt for presents we cannot afford or worrying because we cannot buy things for this relative or that friend. Would it not be well if we made it more a day of thanks to God for the Gift of His Son rather than a day when the main thing is the exchange of gifts and the subsequent worry that comes through buying things that we cannot afford. Let us gladly do what we can to make others happy and not grieve because we cannot do more.

Christmas should be a time of peace, a time of joy, a time of reverent gratitude. Each should ponder over the great love of the Father in giving His Son to save and redeem mankind. How beautifully John has told the story: "For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

What a wonderful thing life is. How people cling to it even in times of extreme illness. Spite of poverty or great tribulation men and women want to live. If mortal life with all its woes is so desirable, how wonderful is this gift of Eternal Life, going on from glory to glory, continuing to conquer and progress eternally, and this everlasting life is God's gift to His children.

May His birthday be a joyous time of appreciation for His great gift. May those who believe in Him make their lives more radiant and more purposeful. May little children learn of the Father's great love and of the Christ's great mission and follow Him in giving themselves with their gifts.

A Benefactor to Mankind

DECEMBER 23rd is the 131st anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. His work follows him in increasing power. The lives of thousands now dead, the lives of thousands now living, and the lives of countless thousands yet to tabernacle in the flesh have been and will be transformed through his ministry.

His ministry like that of the Savior's was brief. He suffered a martyr's death when he was but 38 years old, yet in a few short years he was instrumental in restoring the Gospel with its priestly power, organizing a church that has challenged the attention of the world, translating the Book of Mormon, the Pearl of Great Price and giving to man the divine revelations and commandments embodied in the Doctrine and Covenants. He also organized the Relief Society for women, which traces its origin back farther than any other woman's organization now extant.

Not only those who have accepted the restored Gospel have been the beneficiaries of his teachings. All over the civilized world the light of truth restored by him has shone, and people have basked in its radiance not realizing their debt to the American Prophet.

And so as we think of his life, his teachings, his marvelous work, we thank the Father for sending this Prophet and inspiring him so abundantly in his ministry.

Congratulations

WE congratulate most heartily the *Improvement Era* on their November issue. We believe this is the finest magazine ever put out in the west. It will be a treasured number to keep for future reference. It will spread information regarding President Grant—his wonderful life and ministry.

This number also commemorates the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of this Magazine. It is fitting that one who has been so instrumental in guiding it safely through its troubled days and who has ever stood by it financially and spiritually should have the honor accorded to him of having a number gotten out that gives its entire space to his life.

Change of Address

WE very often get complaints that subscribers are not receiving the Magazine. When the matter is checked up, it is found very often that the person has moved and has not notified the office in time. Sometimes they fail to notify the office at all, and it is only when the postmaster of some place where they have sojourned temporarily tells of their removal, that we are able to again change their address.

Much time and waste of postage and of Magazines is caused through this omission. We urge most strongly that all subscribers who desire their address changed give us due notice and if their sojourn is only for a short time in a given place that they will again notify us in time for us to change the address before the Magazine is sent to the wrong place. Give old address as well as new.

"Unemployment Relief in Periods of Depression"

THE Russell Sage Foundation has just issued a volume valuable to all interested in social work—*Unemployment Relief In Periods of Depression*—"A study of measures adopted in certain American cities, 1857-1922," by Leah H. Feder.

It is pointed out that "with each depression emergency measures are embarked upon—and the results generally forgotten. This study recovers and records significant experience in previous depressions for its bearing upon present and future policies."

It has taken much time and careful research to obtain the information contained in the volume, for it was found stored away in "widely separated dust-covered files and out-of-print publications." The careful authentic work that is evidenced by each publication of the Russell Sage Foundation is again shown in this volume. It is a source book of information that should give social workers great help in meeting future depressions. Price, $2.50.

"The Soul's Fire"

By Jeremiah Stokes

THE SOUL'S FIRE" is a most dramatic portrayal of the drivings, and persecutions of those who first accepted the restored Gospel. Since the historical events are portrayed without exaggeration, it gives a vivid picture of what it cost to establish the great Latter-day work. The heroes and heroines stand out in their divine and unswerving faith, their wisdom, courage and undying devotions to the great cause. Driven from place to place, robbed of their possessions, they remained true to their convictions. Neither mob fury nor suffering nor death of loved ones turned them away. They knew the work was true, that Joseph Smith was a Prophet and the work he established was of God.

A beautiful part of the book is the love story of Ann Northrop who depicts the character of Mrs. Roberts, an English convert, while the experiences of Garry portray the boyhood of Brigham H. Roberts.

The book holds its readers' interest from beginning to end. He gets an unforgettable picture of the truly great men and women who not only established a great religious work but also pioneered the West and made its barrenness yield plenty.

Price, $2.75, Deseret Book Company, 44 East So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dangerous Toys

PARENTS should be sure that the toys they purchase for their children are safe, and they should remember that it is desirable to give toys that will be educational and inspirational in their nature. The Wright Brothers played with balloons; Edison played with tools, and thus they developed themselves along lines that later made them famous.

Guns are dangerous and should not be purchased. A measure was introduced to the League of Nations Disarmament Conference in 1932 that from 1935 on all countries prohibit the manufacture of war-like toys. This was killed in the committee, but would have been a most desirable measure.

Merchants buy what the public demands. If this year these dangerous toys and those that are war inspiring rather than peace provoking are not bought, next year the merchants will not stock up with them.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in February)

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 5

The New Religion Versus the Old

Helpful References

In the Bible: Exodus 20:13; Deuteronomy 5:17; Matthew 5:17-18, 21-26.
In the Book of Mormon: 3 Nephi 12:17-26; 15:1-10.
In the Doctrine and Covenants: 84:20-27.
Talmage: Jesus the Christ, p. 234.
Findlay: The Realism of Jesus, Chapter 7.

1. *Law of Moses Substituted for the Gospel.*

In this and the succeeding lesson we wish to illustrate how the Savior handled and interpreted two of the five basic principles of the law of Moses. It should be kept in mind that Moses, the great Hebrew lawgiver, on leading the tribes of Israel from Egypt had attempted to teach them the law of the gospel and to bring them into the presence of God. The result was unsuccessful because they hardened their hearts. Therefore, the Lord "took Moses out of their midst, and the Holy Priesthood also; and the lesser priesthood continued, which priesthood holdeth the kev of the ministering of angels and the preparatory gospel; which gospel is the gospel of repentance and of baptism and the remission of sins, and the law of carnal commandments, which the Lord in his wrath caused to continue with the house of Aaron among the children of Israel until John." (Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 84:25-27.)

2. *The Savior Came to Fulfil the Law and the Prophets.*

The Savior pointed out to the men of his generation that he had no desire to abrogate the law or the prophets. "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill." (Matthew 5:17.) While preaching to the Nephites, He made a statement that is of singular significance. "Behold, I am he that gave the law, and I am he who covenanted with my people Israel; therefore, the law in me is fulfilled, for I have come to fulfil the law, therefore it hath an end." (3 Nephi 15:5.)

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints proclaims to the world that the Christ in his preexistent state was the one with whom Israel made covenant, and also the one who gave the law. In his earthly ministry among the Jews Christ prefaced His deeper interpretation of the five basal principles of the law by saying: "For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." We doubt not that in the literature extant at the time of Christ high ethical principles were *taught*. The Savior points out, however, that the scribes and Pharisees with whom He was in contact were not *living* them. His exposition of the law was applicable to the Jews and is also applicable to those now living in the world. Too much of our conduct today smacks of the law of an eye

for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. In fact, many social investigators of our time would be willing to say that too often it smacks of the law of two eyes for an eye and two teeth for a tooth. Now, what did the Christ mean when he said he came to fulfil the law? We believe He meant to declare its deeper and less obvious significance.

3. *The Sacred Nature of Human Personality.*

The first great principle underlying the law had relation to the taking of life. The Savior said: "Ye have heard that it was said by them, of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." Here, the Christ points out that merely to refrain from slaying is not a sufficient guiding principle. We are to get at the root of the matter by refraining from the unreasoning anger that leads up to slaying. "Jesus is here speaking of our unreasoning antipathies, of our dislike for the people who irritate us merely by going on being themselves. An anger that cannot explain or justify itself is not just the outcome of incompatibility of temperament; it is an offense against personality; for the person to whom we consider ourselves antipathetic has as much right to be himself as we have; it is an outrage upon the soul, as attempted murder is an outrage upon the body; in God's code of justice these misdemeanors are classed together." The Savior still further expounds the doctrine of the sacred nature of human personality by giving three or four homely illustrations. "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council." "Raca" was a term of contempt and probably had the connotation of "wicked" or "worthless." Such words may not be lightly bandied about. They are sharply barbed, and they hurt not the body but the soul. We may conceive of justifiable anger, but upon the man who exhibits scorn against his brother lies the responsibility of proving his case. If we understand the Savior aright, anger against one's brother, unless justified, is contempt of God, because man is a child of God. The man who has anger in his heart is on trial, not the one against whom the spite is directed. "Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." The word translated "Thou fool" in our ordinary versions has as well the meanings of "stupid," or "dull." When men so far lose control of themselves as to allow their anger to be carried over into the realm of personal abuse, they are breaking down the natural ties that ordinarily bind men together. This is an offense that God cannot readily overlook, because men also have a common relation to Him. The Savior then makes plain, in no uncertain terms, that if men are to find God they are first to find each other. "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." This injunction would seem to imply that we are bound to give our brother, who has some real or imagined grievance against us, a courteous hearing. We are to find with him a common ground for agreement. The spirit of reconciliation is the leaven that will bring peace and happiness into the world. The Savior adds again, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him."

Men are here commanded to do everything possible to avoid widening rifts that separate each other. "You find yourself involved in a lawsuit, and are actually on the way to court when you meet your opponent going there too; you ought to be able to discover some way out, while you are walking together the short distance left before you get there. The natural thing for most of us to do, if on that day of all days we saw the man who was causing all the trouble coming up to us, would be to turn down a side-street to avoid him. But obviously this accidental meeting gives us a last chance of avoiding a final breach, and all the vexation of the law's delays." Men who continue to bear ill-will against their fellows, no matter how right they are at the beginning of a quarrel, usually pay "to the uttermost farthing." The loss of a clear conscience is poor remuneration for the privilege of bearing a "grudge."

Thus the Savior sets up anger side by side with murder, teaches reverence for one's fellows, and ends by showing us the way out—the doctrine of reconciliation.

Questions

1. Why is the Savior's teaching respecting the sacredness of human souls of particular importance to us today?

2. What way has the Lord provided in the Church to adjudicate serious differences between members? Why don't we use these facilities more? If available, consult Keeler's *Lesser Priesthood and Church Government,* chapters 30-33.

What is the Lord's estimate as to the worth of human souls? See Doctrine and Covenants, Section 18:10-16.

Problems for Further Study
(Treat only those that time and circumstances permit.)

1. Let the class discuss the practicability and advisability of nations settling their disputes in much the same manner that the Savior commanded individuals to do so. (See Matthew 5:25.)

2. Show that the Savior's teaching respecting the principle of reverence for human personality underlies social advance in every field today. Suggestion: Make inquiries respecting industry, rights of children, war, position of women, education, and politics.

3. Relate a story or incident illustrating the fact that one who continues to bear ill-will, in the end "pays to the uttermost farthing."

4. Show that President Robert M. Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, realized the sacred nature of human personality when he made the following statement to the 1935 graduating class: " 'Getting on' is the great American aspiration. And here the demoralizing part comes in: the way to get on is to be 'safe,' to be 'sound,' to be agreeable, to be inoffensive, to have no views on important matters not sanctioned by the majority, by your superiors, or by your group. We are convinced that by knowing the right people, wearing the right clothes, saying the right things, holding the right opinions, and thinking the right thoughts we shall all get on."

Teacher's Topic

(For February)

The Parable of the Friend at Midnight

(Luke 11:5-10)

"And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves;

"For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

"And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

"I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and it shall be opened unto you.

"For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

The three loaves mentioned are probably similar in size and shape to those found at the present day in the East. They are made in the form of small round cakes about the thickness of one's finger and were not cut with a knife but broken. Three of these little loaves were the allowance for one person's meal.

Jesus further says:

"If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

"Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

The parable belongs to the instruction on prayer and is joined directly to the shorter form of the Lord's prayer.

This example as many others was taken from every day life and could be easily understood by all.

During the hot season of the year it was customary in the East for people who were going on long journeys to wait until the great heat of the day had passed and then travel far into the night. They often stopped on their way at the home of their frends to rest. Friendship and hospitality demanded that they be offered refreshment, no matter what hour of the night they happened to arrive. And so the parable relates he had not sufficient food in the house and went to borrow from his neighbor.

If we pray constantly, and keep the spirit of prayer in our hearts always we place ourselves in a condition to receive the good gifts the Lord has in store for us.

"Prayer is the central and determining force of a man's life."

Our prayers must be sincere and marked by patience and humility. Christ said, "Pray always that ye enter not into temptation." Prayers should be simple and direct and we should have faith in their fulfillment. While we pray with faith our patience is perfected and our humility deepened.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

Discussion

What was the spirit of prayer as exemplified by Jesus in Gethsemane?

Read the Lord's prayer.

Work and Business

(For February)

Convenient Kitchen and House Lighting

MANY homes have been made to look like new with only a few small changes. You may get that "new house thrill" by creating new convenience and beauty. Start with the vital working parts of which the kitchen is the most important. Ugly and inharmonious surroundings breed discord and inefficiency and tire one's nerves. Every kitchen should radiate cheerfulness. Unsightly worn patterns in the linoleum can play havoc with the loveliest room, but old linoleum matched and patched and the whole floor treated with paint and varnish or waxed can lay the foundation for an interesting room. Cream and green linoleum, bordered with black, is a good combination.

Paint is the most practical and the cheapest wall treatment, although the so called "washable papers" are preferred by some. If the room has a sunny exposure, use the cool colors, as green, blue; if on shady side of house use the warm colors, yellow, orange or red. Cream painted walls help to diffuse the light.

Everything that makes the modern kitchen beautiful should make it equally easy to keep clean and convenient to use. No longer need it be a haphazard assorted assemblage of fixtures. Equipment resistant to wear by cracking or chipping, that requires minimum time and effort in caring for it, step-saving devices, plenty of drawers, shelves and storage space should all be considered in the plan. Stainless steel-top tables, sinks, work surfaces at convenient heights, quick-heating electric coils to speed cooking, power mixers, electric dishwashers and many other gadgets serve to make kitchen work easier.

Studies and experiments of the time which the average woman spends in preparing meals and washing dishes show that even though she doesn't do a complete cooking job, she spends at least two hours per day in her kitchen. It is the use of modern appliances which makes possible this great increase in efficiency and saving of time. The electric range and electric refrigerator make it possible to do a very much larger volume of cooking with ease than is possible with old-fashioned kitchen equipment. It is true that a kitchen thus equipped represents a large investment in appliances, but it is an investment that pays dividends. If it pays to use power and machinery to bake bread in a bakery, it pays to use them to bake bread at home.

The grouping of equipment into the work centers to save waste motion and keep different jobs moving along in smooth sequence is important. This depends, as does the size of the kitchen, upon the number in family and kinds of work to be done. Built-in equipment without legs to clean around and floors that are smooth and sanitary are big conveniences. Many sections or parts of equipment may be obtained, then put together as needed, like the old-fashioned bookcases. The stove, refrigerator, sink, cupboards, will fit together to form one working unit. Shelves are adjustable and both drawers and doors are interchangeable. Do not follow the same casual

method in buying equipment for kitchen as in other rooms. It is a workshop and scientific manufacturers have seen to it that there is no excuse for having it otherwise. If it is now cumbersome and inconvenient, a comparatively modest sum invested can bring about great improvement.

A great deal of time and energy may be expended in a most convenient kitchen if utensils used require much care. Cleaning and scouring become an important factor in the daily routine, but with proper methods no extra time or work should be necessary. Care begins with cooking. Avoid spilling food on the outside or burning on the inside of utensils or stove. A good sudsy wash soon after utensils are used, with thorough rinsing and drying will mean less scouring and stain removing. Good scouring soaps and powders that don't scratch are on the market and are quick and effective for stained, burned utensils. Aluminum is popular, as it never rusts, doesn't chip or break, is a good conductor of heat and light in weight. When darkened by alkali, it may be cleaned by boiling water and vinegar or acid fruit. Enamelware in white or bright colors is decorative, good conductor of heat and the smooth glaze is resistant to acids and it seldom stains, but chips with too rough usage. Stainless steel is an attractive and practical metal. It is more expensive than other metal but gives years of service without becoming shabby and dented. Fewer good utensils is far better than many gadgets that require more care and storage than they give service.

Good lighting is a requisite for the convenient kitchen. Plenty of light doesn't mean glare. Spotty lights irritate, give headaches and react on nerves. We need two kinds of light —general and special. Every room needs general illumination, ample in quantity and of proper quality, not necessarily light enough in every corner for close work but enough for the ordinary and usual routine of the home. This may be achieved in various ways—direct or indirect. By means of ceiling or wall fixtures the light should be diffused so there are no dark spots. Special light is needed for special places and special tasks which is brighter at a given place than general light. The work-centers in the kitchen, as table, sink, stove, the laundry tubs, the stairs, the basement, the attic, the reading and sewing centers, need this special lighting. Light on both sides of the dressing table mirror or bath room are best and should be of right height to light whole face.

With size to meet family needs and standards, with equipment placed to eliminate waste of time and energy, with work-centers the proper height for worker, with few good and easily cared for utensils, with bright cheery colors in wall, floors or curtanis, with lights properly placed and adjusted to relieve strain, the kitchen becomes most restful though the most active room in the home. New equipment and expense are not always necessary to achieve this. Rearrangement and elimination will work wonders for convenience. *Handicrafts For Every Woman,* pp. 50-58.

Literature

(For Third Week in February)

Lesson V

Abraham Lincoln

WE pass from the childhood to the youth of Abraham Lincoln. When Abe reached seventeen he was six feet. These were the years he was handling the ax. "The inside of his hands took on callous thick as leather." He cleared openings in the timber, cut logs and split firewood. On winter mornings he wiped the frost from the ax-handle, then followed blow after blow on the big tree, which felled he would use for a seat while he ate his dinner of corn bread and fried salt pork.

He had strong shoulder muscles and steady wrists. He walked twenty-four miles one day to hear a lawyer make a speech. Growing from boyhood to manhood he was often alone. His stepmother told him "she didn't mind his bringing dirt into the house on his feet; she could scour the floor; but she asked him to keep his head washed or he'd be rubbing the dirt on her nice whitewashed rafters." His mother said: " 'Abe never spoke a cross word to me in his life.' As time went by the stepmother became one of the rich, silent forces in his life."

"He wanted to learn, to know, to live, to reach out." He said to Denis Hanks, "the things I want to know are in books; my best friend is the man who'll get me a book I ain't read." Sometimes his friends would reply, "Well, books ain't as plenty as wildcats in these parts of Indianny." John Hanks, who worked with Abe, said, "When Abe and I came back to the house from work he used to go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up high as his head, and read." All the boys read *The Kentucky Preceptor,* said Hanks, "but Abe picked out questions from it, such as 'Who has the most right to complain, the Indian or the Negro? And Abe would argue about these things while pulling fodder in the cornfield." It was such things as these that made Dennie Hanks say there was "suthin' peculiarsome" about Abe. Besides reading the *Bible* and figuring his way through the arithmetic, he read *Aesop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe,* and *The Life of George Washington,* by M. L. Weems.

In 1825 Robert Owens, a rich Englishman, had made a speech in Congress, saying that he hoped to find a better way for people to live "where work would be honorable yet there would be time for play and learning and where they would share and share alike, each for all and all for each." This scheme heartened the hungry soul of Lincoln. "There's a school with thousands of books," he said, "and fellows that knows everything." The schooling would have cost $100 a year perhaps, but Tom Lincoln had other plans for Abe. He wanted him to take a flatboat down the Mississippi River and trade flour, meal and bacon for cotton, sugar and tobacco. So Abe began cutting oaks to make a boat. Later it glided down the Father of Waters to New Orleans where the trade was made. New Orleans was a new world to him as people from many nations lived before his eyes.

That year Indiana University printed its first catalogue and while the institution was to be no part of the young man's life, still nothing could keep him from reading, between the plow handles, *The Revised*

Laws of Indiana, to which had been added the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Then, too, from the *Louisville Gazette,* which came weekly to Gentryville, he learned of the great orator, Henry Clay, of Kentucky, who came from a family of poor farmers. He also learned that the Erie Canal was finished and that it cost seven and a half million dollars.

Tom Lincoln now resolved on another move. Both men and animals had been coming down with the "milk-sick," so he moved to Illinois. But Lincoln carried with him a peddlar's stock, which he sold along the road. He wrote back to Gentryville saying he had doubled his money, and incidentally he made his first speech. John Hanks put him on a box to answer a man opposed to improvements of the Sangamon River, and John told the neighbors "Abe beat him to death!"

When he reached Illinois, he helped build the cabin, put in the crops, and split the rafts for fences. Many things contributed to hard times in the new state, where for days families lived on parched corn and where some died of cold and others of hunger. The Lincolns had a hard time. When the winter "eased up," they moved a hundred miles to Goose Nest Prairie in Coles County.

Once again Abe took produce down the Mississippi. On his journey he saw many notices involving the sale of negro slaves. He saw an auction in New Orleans "where an octoroon girl was sold after being pinched, trotted up and down, and handled so the buyer could be satisfied she was sound of mind and limb."

Lincoln was now twenty years old so he decided to go on his own. "Saying good-bye to his father was easy, but it was not so easy to hug the mother, Sally Bush, and put his long arms around her, and lay his cheek next to hers and say he was going out into the big world to make a place for himself." Soon after he had left his father said to a visitor: "I s'pose Abe is still fooling hisself with eddication. I tried to stop it, but he has got that fool idea in his head, and it can't be got out. Now I ain't got no eddication, but I get along far better'n if I had. And the visitor left saying Thomas Lincoln was "one of the shrewdest ignorant men" he had ever known.

Industrialism was spreading. Cotton mills were the "industrial phenomenon" of the period. Each year tens of millions of pounds were produced. In 1820, cotton goods worth $2,500,000 were produced and in 1831 the total worth was estimated at $15,500,000; at the same time woolen mill output had increased from $1,000,000 to more than $15,000,000. It was a process that shook up culture, religion, and politics in New England and so mixed the currents of its destinies that Daniel Webster wrote: "We are disgraced beyond help or hope; there is a Federal interest, a Democratic interest, a bankrupt interest, an orthodox interest, and a middling interest; but I see no national interest, nor any national feeling in the whole matter." The spinning-wheel was consigned to the attic: "Spinning was to be done in cotton and woolen mills and clothes were to be cheap."

Lincoln found his way to New Salem, a trade center. Denton Offut opened a store and put Lincoln in as clerk in charge. Here Abe gained a reputation for honesty. One story ran "that counting the money a woman paid for goods he discovered she had paid six and a quarter

cents more than her bill; so that night he walked six miles to pay it back."

A literary society was formed in New Salem, where Abe made speeches, and he heard that James Rutledge, father of Ann, was saying there was "more than wit and fun in Abe's head; he was already a fine speaker; all he lacked was culture" to enable him to become a distinguished man. Then, too, he had a lucky day. "It was the day that a mover prevailed on him to pay fifty cents for a barrel." Abe merely did it to oblige the man, but in the bottom he found *Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England.* By accident he was owner of the one famous book that young men studying law should read first.

Then Jack Kelso, the poet, who knew Shakespeare and Burns came into his life. Lincoln boarded at the Rutledge Tavern where it was said he never drank nor smoked nor swore.

When the Illinois legislature met at Vandalia in 1834 Abraham Lincoln was one of its members. He was twenty-five years old, holding his first elective office and being paid three dollars a day. He had to borrow the money to purchase the suit he wore, but he was serving his state, and he was also away from Ann Rutledge.

It is just about one hundred years ago now that Lincoln lay taking Peruvian bark for chills and fever, when Ann Rutledge, who lay "fever-burned" sent for him. They spent an hour alone together. Two days after she died.

Lincoln was back from the Legislature surveying in Sangamon County. In June, 1836, he again announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature, and was reelected. He came out for the enfranchisement of women and for moving the capital from Vandalia to Springfield. At this time the moral fiber of the man is revealed in the statement: "You will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by doing so I may accomplish that which I believe to be right." Lincoln saw something of the civilization of his time as he rode into Springfield in March, 1837, to begin his law practice.

About this time he appears to have proposed to a lady who rejected him, for in melancholy fashion he writes: "I have come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, and for this reason: I can never be satisfied with anyone who would be blockhead enough to have me." But in 1840 there came from Kentucky Mary Todd, "plump, beaming, with ready answers. She had smooth soft skin, soft brown hair, and was a center of likes and dislikes," among those who met her. "She was the first aggressively brilliant feminine who waylaid him with resources known to an accomplished and vital woman. To Mary Todd he lost his head."

During her first year in Springfield both Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas took turns at being entertained in the parlor at the Edward's house, where she lived. The story goes that she was asked which she intended to marry and she replied, "The one that has the best chance of being president." In 1840 Lincoln and Mary Todd became engaged to be married. "The months passed, Lincoln was busy. He couldn't go to all the parties Mary Todd was going to: she flared with jealousy and went with other men. They fell out, made up again. The wedding was set for New Year's Day, 1841. The *bride* was ready and the groom didn't come."

On the day set for the wedding Lincoln again took his seat in the State Legislature, which lasted two months. He made himself believe that he did not love Mary. His friend Speed said he should tell her so. He left to see her saying he would be careful not to say too much; but he was gone two hours and when he returned he said: "When I told Mary I did not love her she burst into tears and said something 'about the deceiver being deceived!' It was too much for me. I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her." Speed said "he was a fool and that he had renewed the engagement again." Lincoln replied, "Well, if I'm in again, so be it. It's done, and I shall abide by it." On November 4, 1842, they were married. Lincoln was thirty-three and his bride was twenty-three. Much has been said about the marriage of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd, but Gamaliel Bradford, thought of as an especially keen biographical analysist, thinks they were always fascinated with each other.

Four years later, Lincoln, who was now the father of two sons, Robert Todd and Edward Baker, was getting ready to go to Washington. True, there were still some debts from the New Salem Days "when his grocery store winked out into bankruptcy," nevertheless he had managed to buy a house on Eight and Jackson street a few blocks from the public square.

Yes, it was all quite true, Abraham Lincoln, the boy who wore deerskin moccasins and a coonskin cap was a successful lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, and he was going to the nation's capital to be the only Whig congressman from the state of Illinois.

Note: You will find additional material from chapters twelve to chapters eighty-two in "Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years," by Carl Sandburg.

Questions

1. S. Marion Tucker, an authority on Drama, says: "The supreme achievement of drama is the creation of character." The highest aspiration of the dramatist "is to form human beings as real and convincing as if nature herself had moulded them." What is true of the drama is in large measure true of the realistic novel, and also of the literary biography because it has adopted the technique of the novel.

A biographer mainly interested in presenting facts might be satisfied with writing: Mary Todd, who came from Kentucky to Illinois, in 1840, married Abraham Lincoln in 1842. But a literary biographer does not do it that way. He paints such a picture of Mary Todd that you can see her. He also tells you so much about her that you know her. Turn to chapter fifty-two and read to the class the description there given and decide if Sandburg has been successful with his portrait. What do you like about her? What do you dislike about her? Are you interested in the description of her costume? Do you think she had ambition? Do you think she had insight? Chat about her in any way you feel inclined.

2. C. Alphonso Smith, of the English department of the U. S. Naval Academy merely brings to mind what all students of literature know when he says: "Literature can restore the past to you." It is characteristic of Sandburg's Lincoln that it is reconstructing the Prairie Years for you. Recall how he makes you

feel the thrill of building the Cotton and Woolen Industry in the picture he paints. Cite other examples of a restoration of the past through pictures or other means.

3. Literature is always concerned with style. A writer without feeling for style might be content to say, There was something peculiar about Abraham Lincoln, but Sandburg has Dennie Hanks say: There was "suthin" peculiarsome about Abe." Sometimes when Abe asked for books to read his friends replied: "Well, books ain't so plenty as wildcats in Indianny."

4. Did you laugh as you read any part of the book? If so, it was because of the presence of humor. All novels are supposed to possess humor, and as the literary biography is akin to the novel it is that much more complete if it also possesses humor. Have you sometimes felt like weeping as you have read this story? If so, it is because it possesses pathos. Feeling enters largely into all branches of artistic writing and the author is conscious of seeking to affect the feelings of his readers. Can you cite examples of passages, that make especial appeal to the emotions?

5. In what way does Robert Owen's plan resemble plans we hear of today?

6. Under what circumstances, and in what year did Lincoln declare that women should be enfranchised?

7. Name some of the books Lincoln read. Which book is said to have been his favorite book?

Social Service

(For Fourth Week in February)

Lesson 4

ADULT EDUCATION

Text: *Civic Sociology,* by Edward A. Ross; Chapter IX.

AT the heart of the problem of living well together is the task before all adults of adjusting to the social, economic, and spiritual requirements of the day. In a stationary society it would be possible to establish duties and responsibilities which would remain effective indefinitely. But in a changing society such crystallization is not only out of the question but attempts to effect it are dangerous to any kind of progress or development. It is true that the fundamental values and morals of life remain unchanged. Truth, honor, spirituality, and virtue will never cease to be the cornerstones of right living. But customs, manners, and methods of living do not remain the same even from one short period to another in any society which looks forward to growth and progress. However, it is all too easy for adults to evade the responsibility of meeting this changing world with a feeling of self-sufficiency and a satisfied reliance on the past. But yesterday's formula has lost its power to meet the problems of today just as the time will come when today's solution will prove inadequate for the questions of the future. It is the object of this lesson to point out that adults should strive to make an intelligent approach to the present through an understanding of contemporary problems, and that they should sense the responsibility of contributing to the needs of society as the result of such education.

Their maturity and wisdom should not be lost to society through failure to do this. The following specific purposes will be discussed:

1. The great need in the world today of adult education.

2. Intelligent participation in adult education movements.

3. Contributing to community welfare as one result of adult education.

Attention today is being constantly directed toward the changes sweeping over the educational system in all countries. Education for a new social order has taken the schools by storm until school curricula seem to have little resemblance to those of a generation ago. In the first part of the chapter pertaining to this lesson the text cites many of these changes. Attention is specifically called to the increasing equalization of educational opportunity for children, the greater proportion of young people attending schools and colleges, and the greater variety of studies being offered in the effort to train pupils to meet the everyday problems of life.

Parents are indeed pleased to see the constant changes in the school program which bring increased opportunities to their children. Wide fields of endeavor which were formerly considered beneath the dignity or entirely outside the scope of the educational system are now included. Often, they are found to be more closely related to successful living than mere knowledge of the three "R's." But the changes from theoretical and restricted schooling to the inclusion of the crafts, technical and vocational subjects, and more extensive study of manual training and home economics, are creating a real challenge to parents to keep abreast of the times. Mothers must realize that children thrive better on a well-balanced diet, and that knowledge of such a diet comes only with a study of the latest findings along that line. Fathers should understand that the methods of all kinds of mechanical work are constantly being improved and revolutionized. These are the skills of livelihood. They are the basis of our physical needs. But of equal importance to the changes that are constantly taking place in these lines and bearing a very close interrelation to them is another phase of our existence—the art of living together in group life. Of necessity, the science of human relations has undergone simultaneous changes because of the interdependence of the two phases of living. The mechanical changes may be easier to measure, but the social changes are just as marked if we but perceive them. Although technology may seem to have changed the world more for the benefit of the few than the good of all, the unmistakable ideal of social betterment is gradually replacing the past ideals of American freedom which were ruled by the theory of catch as catch can, and may the best man win regardless of the harm done to others or the evil of exploitation. Human living is now on a plane so entirely different from that of a generation ago that adults must renew their studies in the light of the present. However, despite this fact, many homes are maintained in an atmosphere belonging to the past while the children are being taught the latest social developments in school. Is it any wonder that misunderstandings arise and points of view between parents and children are strained? The challenge of increased educational facilities and enlarged opportunity is bound to conflict with the ideas of adults, unless adulthood keeps in step with the times. Such a conflict

is bound to create confusion in the minds of youth. The following quotation supports this point of view: "Unless adults learn to reshape their ideas in relation to the work they are trying to do in providing opportunities for growth for their children, youth, itself, will not be prepared to meet the complexities of the modern world which they must share with adults, and adults must share with youth." (White House Conference, p. 37.)

Adults who persistently cling to the traditions, habits of discipline, and obedience to the regulations and customs of a passing period which they acquired in their own youthful days are at times quite incapable of meeting youth with any degree of understanding. But they should realize that they must keep in tune with the changes in the social world if they are to continue to hold the respect of young people and to be of constructive service in their guidance. "We cannot bend the ideas of youth back to the old order, nor restrain the advance of a society so swiftly changing. We must make ourselves a creating part of this onward moving stream."

In regard to the necessity of adult education leaders are formulating statements of trends and policies of social changes. Three generalizations drawn from the "Charter of the Social Sciences," by Charles A. Beard, point out the burden of our educational practice today. First, the society in which we live is rapidly changing. The old order under which adults were schooled is giving way to new interpretations of life. If adults are to adapt to the new conditions of life, the problem is one demanding constant attention. Its solution requires ability to meet changing situations with a knowledge of scientific facts. The new adult education is planned to provide such knowledge. It has been organized to help people as far as possible to understand these challenging situations so that changes may be made intelligently. The fact must be recognized that the economic individualism of pioneer days is being replaced by different types of social and economic planning, dependent upon collective efforts. According to the principles of democratic governments the wishes of the people cannot be overlooked if they are intelligently defined.

The second conditioning factor of life today is the organization of life on a basis of science and machinery. Our civilization may be called technological as distinguished from one founded on agriculture and handcraft. But the present state of economic and social confusion is evidence that some form of social, economic planning is essential to the continued functioning of the newer means of production. Skilled artisans can never be certain that a new machine will not render their craft useless before they have reached middle life. The obligation of all adults to adapt to these new conditions of life also demands constant solution. And here, again, knowledge of scientific facts is necessary.

Third: Whatever solution is evolved must be in harmony with the basic principles of human rights and should contribute to the end of political, economic, and social democracy. Unless the present generation continues to cultivate the practice of thinking critically and constructively upon these questions of social reform it will be inadequate in rendering intellgient judgments. But the individuals who decide policies of government as a result of well thought out conclusions in place of popular hearsay are too few indeed.

The agencies provided for the enlightenment of adults are constantly increasing. Each is trying to provide a broad intellectual preparation for modern life. A marked tendency is shown for older people to seek opportunities for self-improvement. Public schools conduct evening classes for instruction for those who had limited educational opportunities. Citizenship classes prepare for more intelligent participation in the affairs of government. Night schools, extension courses, and correspondence courses furnish additional training in vocational and allied fields. The extent to which people are availing themselves of these facilities is revealed by the fact that in 1930 approximately 1,000,000 people were registered in night classes in elementary schools, high schools, and vocational schools. Since that time the number has increased remarkably. Extension and correspondence courses offered by universities have so increased the number of available courses that the earnest seeker can now secure instruction in almost any line of learning desired. While much that is offered over the radio is still far from educational it is growing to be an important educational agency. The world's finest music is brought to all the people as part of their everyday life. Aesthetic and cultural opportunities are not stinted. Talks on art are brought to every one. But many people refuse the best that is offered for the more popular forms of entertainment. But the radio would provide greater and greater opportunities for broadening educational experiences if the desire were evidenced. No broadcasting company would dare to sponsor a program that did not meet the popular approval of the average adult audience. The type of movie sponsored is the one where adults render their approval at the box offices. The press is always responsive to its readers. Until adults further cultivate ideals tempered by social welfare and express those ideals in tangible forms the need for further adult education will continue to be one of the most important needs of the hour.

To the Latter-day Saint, education is viewed as a continuous process, a part of the great scheme of eternal progression. It begins with birth and continues not only for life, but, we believe in the hereafter. The Prophet, Joseph Smith, has given us a splendid understanding and goal to achieve as shown by the following statements taken from his teachings:

"If one man, by his diligence obtains more knowledge than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."

"Whatsoever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life will rise with us in the resurrection."

"Knowledge saves a man, and in the world of spirits no man can be exalted but by knowledge."

"A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge."

"It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance."

"The glory of God is intelligence." (Joseph Smith, The Prophet Teacher, p. 65.)

Activities

1. Determine the relative number of adults in your community who are continuing their education by means other than attendance at Church organization meetings.

2. Prepare a list of the available classes open to adults in your community.

3. What trend is indicated by the subjects offered and the relative enrollment in the various subjects? Does the trend indicate a healthy choice for social welfare?

Child Guidance

Lesson V

Jealousy

FEW emotions are experienced by man which from a social point of view are more important than jealousy, and perhaps no emotion is so dependent upon early environmental conditions for its development. It arouses anger and frequently hatred toward the object of jealousy. It causes the jealous individual to feel disregarded and inferior to his friends and neighbors, it damages his pride, and it lowers his self-respect. This may produce a desire for revenge and retaliation or may cause him to withdraw and hide his true feelings under a mask of indifference.

We are all familiar with one or more of our friends or acquaintances who have what we call a jealous disposition. Not only are they jealous in reference to their love and friendships, but also of good fortune which falls to others. Pleasure and happiness can be only temporary for this type of individual. Their satisfaction with life is constantly being interrupted by their attitude toward the achievement and happiness of others.

One of the most common situations which stimulates jealousy in the child is the birth of a new baby. This is not surprising when quite suddenly and unexpectedly this child of 3 or 4 finds his mother devoting practically all her time to the intruder. It may be that the child has been through a period of worry and upset. Often the older child is sent away during the mother's confinement. This may be the first time he has ever been away from home, and adults can little appreciate what this may mean to him, even though he be with the most well-meaning of relatives. His entire world is in upheaval. How can he know that it will ever come right again? He puzzles his little head over this, is told time and again that he is going back to mother and daddy, but when he gets there he appears to be supplanted. Or it may be that he stays at home, and mother is taken away to the hospital with little or no explanation to him. Again he is faced with an upset world. Why has mother left him? Will she really come home again? Then she comes, but not with undivided attention for him. Mother's love and attention must be shared; small wonder that feelings of hatred for the baby are aroused.

However, this attitude toward the new-born baby can invariably be overcome if the older child is confided in and told that he may expect a new little brother or sister. He then awaits its arrival with interest and pleasant anticipation. Handled wisely, what might be a most unpleasant event in his life becomes a real pleasure which will mean companionship and a new playmate, some one to care for and protect. This sense of responsibility will work out to the advantage of both children. If, in the course of events, the older child does become jealous of the baby, never foster this attitude by teasing or encouraging it, or by looking upon it as something that is "funny" or "cunning." The emotions of childhood are far too dangerous to be toyed with in this way. Intelligent parents will find numerous ingenious ways to convince the child that he is still just as much loved and as important a member of

the household as he was before the "usurper" arrived. It is simply a matter of giving the older child a little more time and attention and a little assurance that he still holds the affection of those he loves.

Often a child will become markedly jealous when the parents show affection for each other or for children outside the family circle. Unfortunately parents not appreciating the gravity of such a demonstration are frequently flattered by the child's resentment. This interesting and unusual display of emotion appeals to them and they term it "cute," making every effort to perpetuate and exaggerate it and even arousing it for show purposes when visitors come in. In one case the daily delight of the father of a little girl of 2 was to incite her to wrath on his return from work by cuddling the baby sister and ignoring the older child. This continued treatment has so warped her outlook that at 5 she stands at odds with the world, disliked by family and playmates, defiant, belligerant, and frequently making vicious attacks upon the sisters by whom she feels she has been supplanted. This, of course, is an exaggerated instance, but situations of this sort are far more common than most people suspect.

Again, jealousy is aroused in one child by the constant praising and holding up of brother or sister as a model or persistently pointing out shortcomings and defects in the child who is inclined to be jealous. Nothing is more disastrous than playing the merits and abilities of one child against those of another. It causes feelings of bitterness, resentment, inferiority, and inadequacy. No family is big enough to play favorites or show partiality.

In order to avoid as far as possible the development of jealousy in the child it is necessary to deal with that common characteristic of childhood called selfishness.

The chlid must learn that he has certain obligations toward his family and later toward the community in which he lives. As early as possible he must begin to think of what he does and what he says in relation to other individuals and how his words and acts affect them. He will be repeatedly told that such and such an attitude in a given time or place is right or wrong. He will live in an environment where he can see that his pleasures and those of others are being considered by each member of the household. Thus, long before he can reason why, he will have acquired certain habits, developed largely through suggestion and imitation.

The jealous child is apt to be one who in early life has not had the opportunity of developing interests outside himself. The only child is in a position to become self-centered. This is especially true if this child has been brought up in a crowded section of the city where he is confined to limited quarters with no companionship except that of his mother. He is, to be sure, monarch of all that is within his reach, but his field is far too limited. He has no knowledge nor chance to gain knowledge of the interests and activities of other children.

The same holds true in a greater or less degree with a child who, by illness or accident, has been prevented from making early contacts with other children and has had only the companionship of an oversolicitous mother. He, too, becomes impressed with his own importance. Not infrequently one child in a family is especially favored by one parent or the other, being protected not from experiences but from the natural

consequences of those experiences. Such children in later life are of the type who fail to recognize superiority of others and are intolerant and resentful toward authority.

It is fairly safe to assume that if a child can be taught habits of unselfishness in the home, where his personal attachments are strongest and where he would naturally have more provocation to jealousy, and can learn to meet successfully the situations which develop there, he will encounter little or no difficulty from this emotional handicap when he gets outside.

If it so happens that there are no other children in the home, every effort should be made to bring the child into association with children outside, even at the risk of physical dangers in the street and the chance of picking up some of the vocabulary of the alley.

The child should be taught to share his toys and playthings, his candy, books, and pennies with other children. In games he must learn to strive for the good of the group and not for personal achievement. If defeated, he must learn to acknowledge better playing and take it with a smile. Children should learn to play many games with fair ability rather than to excel in one particular game. There is a great tendency, not only on the part of children but on the part of adults as well, to cling to the things they do exceptionally well and retire from the field of activity where they do not excel. Unselfish conduct should always be rewarded by commendations and occasionally by something of a material nature. There is certainly no disadvantage in the child's learning from experience that selfishness is not a paying proposition.

It is the jealous child who becomes the jealous man or woman. As a child he encounters innumerable difficulties in getting on with his playmates. Because of this he develops a sense of failure and shame which is a tremendous handicap. He feels wronged and neglected; he has missed a "square deal." His self-centeredness becomes more marked, and he draws away from his playmates and the activities of life thoroughly discouraged; or he may become domineering and pugnacious in an effort to gain attention for himself. Later in life this emotion causes an inability to share in the joys of others and makes it impossible to see others succeed without manifesting open resentment. The jealous person becomes an object of dislike. Often he develops the idea that he is unjustly treated or persecuted, and all too frequently this idea causes uncontrolled resentment and disastrous results.

Study your child. Find out why he behaves as he does. Is he aggressive, belligerent and defiant? Is he sullen and resentful, or does he explode in outbursts of temper which clear the atmosphere? It may be that he is shy, quiet, and always a model of good behavior, letting life slip past him without taking an active part. Think the thing over; try to see his reasoning. Remember that the attitude he is showing may be the very opposite of what he really feels. Aggressiveness and defiance may be a mask for feelings of failure and discouragement; passive indifference may cover deeply wounded feelings. On the other hand, the child's conduct may be only the result of limitation and may be patterned after an admired "grown-up" or child with whom he comes in contact. Take time to know your boy or girl; it will prove in later years to be time well spent.

Magazine Drive

WE are deeply grateful to our Magazine Agents, those who have assisted them and to our subscribers who have so loyally worked together to make this Magazine Drive the greatest in our history. We have gone many thousands over last year's peak. We hope every subscriber will feel that she made a good investment and that each number will give her satisfaction.

There are many Agents who have worked very hard and yet have not been able to reach the goal they set out for. To such we say, do not be discouraged. While it is gratifying to get high percentages, if the best possible work has been done, no one could do better than that.

We find that some of our Stakes have based their percentage on their active and honorary rolls rather than on their entire roll, and when their work was checked in the office, their percentages were much lower than they figured them.

The following ten sisters will be awarded at our April Conference, bound volumes of the Relief Society Magazine for having secured the highest percentages of subscriptions.

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Washington Br., Capitol Dist.	Eastern States Mis.	77	212	275	Laura C. Brossard
Imbler	Union	15	36	240	Mattie Westenskow
Basin	Big Horn	18	41	225	Lova Kinghorn
Worland	Big Horn	17	37	218	Clara Gheen
Belfry	Big Horn	11	22	200	Mary Youst,
Cody	Big Horn	9	18	200	Ethel Brailsford
Santa Barbara Br., Los Angeles Dist.	California Mission	16	31	194	Louise Haberlitz
Duchesne	Duchesne	38	72	189	Minnie Wheeler
Baker	Union	35	65	186	Nellie Shurtliff
Leland	Palmyra	41	71	173	Mae Thomas

WE call special attention to the remarkable record made by Mrs. Laura Cowley Brossard, President of the Washington Branch of the Eastern States Mission, who with an enrollment of 77 has secured 212 subscriptions, a percentage of 275, which is the highest percentage ever secured and also the largest number of Magazines to go to any one organization and its friends.

We congratulate these sisters on their achievements and look forward to seeing them at our April Conference, so as to personally tell them how glad we are of their success.

WARDS 100% AND OVER

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Penrose	Big Horn	11	18	164	Emma Tvedtnes
Logan Square Br., Chic. Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	38	62	163	Caroline Granschow
Mapleton	Franklin	21	34	162	Cora Knapp
Raymond	Montpelier	18	29	161	Eleanor Saxton
Milwaukee No. Side Br., Wis. Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	46	72	157	Marie Meyer
La Grande 1st	Uintah	33	51	155	Emma Stringham
McGill	Nevada	58	90	155	Loretta Bamgartner
Glendale	Maricopa	15	23	153	Julia S. Kremer

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Milo	North Idaho Falls	15	23	153	Lila Gildea
Antimony	Garfield	50	76	152	Mary K. Riddle
Walnut Park	Los Angeles	30	45	150	Sophia Offerman
Lehi 1st	Lehi	83	119	143	Lenore T. Jones, Inez Peterson
Arcadia	Duchesne	20	28	140	Rose D. Gilbert
20th	Ensign	100	140	140	Edna C. Langton
Arlington	Hollywood	28	39	139	Fannie Gordon
Ogden 17th	Mount Ogden	95	132	139	Mattie Vogel
Holbrook	Curlew	26	36	138	Fern A. Willie
Muncie Br., No. Ind. Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	8	11	138	Theresa Coffman
Thayne	Star Valley	37	51	138	Elsie F. Roberts
Provo 4th	Utah	95	130	137	Elsie Miller
Tridell	Uintah	33	45	136	Nellie Merkley
Richards	Granite	94	126	134	Jennie Hardy
Union	Union	35	47	134	Rose Kofford
Idaho Falls 6th	Idaho Falls	43	56	133	Anna Slater
Mission	San Francisco	33	45	133	Lena Klein
Elberta	Tintic	16	21	131	Lettie M. Patten
Ogden 13th	Ogden	86	112	130	Edith Wilson
Provo 6th	Utah	96	125	130	Flora Buggert
Idaho Falls 2nd	Idaho Falls	42	54	129	Hazel Goodwin
Manavu	Utah	104	134	129	Marie Bennett
Central Park	Grant	55	70	127	Agnes Adamson
Hilliard	Woodruff	11	14	127	Naomi Lym
Linden	Snowflake	11	14	127	Etta C. Rogers
Marriott	North Weber	38	48	126	Sarah Parry
Pocatello 2nd	Pocatello	83	105	127	Abby Robinson
11th	Ensign	105	132	126	Beulah Powell
Mesa 1st	Maricopa	89	112	126	Sarah Shumway
Brigham 2nd	Box Elder	84	105	125	Sarah H. Horsley
Hillcrest	Grant	76	95	125	Viola Cahoon
Tempe	Maricopa	32	40	125	Lauvon Cone
Pacheco	Juarez	9	11	122	Margaret Cluff
Tracy	Sacramento	9	11	122	Erma Patten
Burley 1st	Burley	52	62	121	Sylvia Barlow
Clinton	Weber	53	64	121	Angeline Child
Rexburg 2nd	Rexburg	102	123	121	Mary E. Hunt
Capitol Hill	Salt Lake	50	60	120	Sarah Lamie
Martinez	Oakland	25	30	120	Audie Johnson
North Pocatello	Pocatello	40	48	120	Caroline Stewart
Racine Branch, Wis. Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	10	12	120	Florence Boy
Lakeshore	Palmyra	53	63	118	Maude Bellows
University	Ensign	50	59	118	Emma S. Teudt
Belvedere	Los Angeles	69	81	117	Percilla Lundeen
Flowell	Millard	24	28	117	Ruth Allen
Uintah	Mount Ogden	18	21	117	Mae G. Bybee
Phoenix 2nd	Maricopa	62	72	116	Mary J. Cosby
Pleasant View	Ogden	38	44	116	Diana Johns
Ashurst	St. Joseph	20	23	115	Hazel Bryce
Burlington	Big Horn	48	55	115	May Partridge
West Bountiful	South Davis	52	60	115	Etta Telford
Smoot	Star Valley	44	50	114	Nellie Howell
Beaver Creek Br.	North Idaho Falls	15	17	113	Myrtis Leanardson
Montello	Mount Ogden	16	18	113	Gertrude Jordan
Wardboro	Montpelier	16	18	113	Evva Dalrymple
Heber	Snowflake	17	19	112	Elva Shelley
Phoenix 3rd	Maricopa	60	67	112	Thressa Price
Richmond	Oakland	26	29	112	Blanche Harmon
Twin Groves	Yellowstone	34	38	112	Mrs. Wm. Richards

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Draper 1st	East Jordan	44	49	111	Florence Sjoblom
Geneva	Montpelier	19	21	111	Rosetta Fluscher
Harlem Branch, Milk River Dist.	North Central States Mis.	18	20	111	Lois Haycock
Homestead	Sacramento	19	21	111	Ruby Altop
Jackson	Teton	27	30	111	Helena Hayes
La Grande 2nd	Uintah	44	49	111	Emma Randall
Lehi	Maricopa	36	40	111	Lillie C. Rollins
Rigby 2nd	Rigby	74	82	111	Elizabeth Ossmen
Blanding	San Juan	156	172	110	Freda Hunt
Chester	Yellowstone	42	46	110	Mattie Winters
Phoenix 1st	Maricopa	60	66	110	Kate Campbell
Ensign	Ensign	86	94	109	Ruby C. Clark
Hayward	Oakland	23	25	109	Era Del Loomes
Riverton 2nd	West Jordan	57	62	109	Myrtle Peterson
Roberts	Rigby	23	25	109	Idella Christensen
Balboa	San Francisco	37	40	108	Frederikka Duffner
Dimond	Oakland	75	81	108	Edna Torgerson
Idaho Falls 3rd	Idaho Falls	25	27	108	Laura Hops
Marion	Cassia	26	28	108	Hattie Tolman
Murray 1st	Cottonwood	89	96	108	Laura Stauffer
Oakley 4th	Cassia	26	28	108	Josephine Gorringe
Ogden 19th	Weber	66	71	108	Toss W. Kersch
Palmyra	Palmyra	26	31	108	Lucille Hansen
Portage	Malad	61	66	108	Rachel R. Gibbs
Prescott Branch, No. Ariz. Dist.	California Mission	63	68	108	Rose M. Scott
Spencer	Oquirrh	50	54	108	Rebecca Herzog
Alameda	Oakland	29	31	107	Ethyl Cullen
Ammon	Idaho Falls	72	77	107	Mrs. L. U. Hammer
Idaho Falls 1st	North Idaho Falls	56	60	107	Rhoda Jardine
Idaho Falls 4th	North Idaho Falls	42	45	107	Vella Evans, Mary Miles
19th	Salt Lake	45	48	107	Elizabeth Crawford
Slaterville	North Weber	29	31	107	Sylvia Knight
Sutherland	Deseret	42	45	107	Millie Jones
Tremonton	Bear River	179	191	107	Belva Laub
Unity	Burley	42	45	107	Juliana G. Nielsen
Brigham 3rd	Box Elder	100	106	106	Agnes Stander
Delta 2nd	Deseret	81	86	106	Irene Little
Evans Branch	Box Elder	16	17	106	Alice Buxton
Hanna	Duchesne	16	17	106	Emmeline Moon
Heber 3rd	Wasatch	98	104	106	Annie K. Moulton
Idaho Falls 5th	Idaho Falls	32	34	106	Ila Sams
Mt. Emmons	Duchesne	35	37	106	Dicy Lister
San Jose	San Francisco	31	33	106	Edna Wall
16th	Salt Lake	67	71	106	Lula Gillespie
Wells	Wells	134	138	106	Beatrice Falkner, Annie Ackroyd
Alpine	St. Johns	21	22	105	Jessie Jepson
Harper	Box Elder	19	20	105	Zilla Harper
McKinley	Wells	128	135	105	Olive B. Taylor Alice Warner
Plano	Rexburg	40	42	105	Esther Robertson
Mesa 3rd	Maricopa	63	66	105	Pearl Knight
Vernal 1st	Uintah	82	87	105	Lena Collier
Bountiful 2nd	South Davis	113	117	104	Annie C. Carr
Boise 1st	Boise	50	52	104	Signa Pecora
Brigham 5th	Box Elder	73	76	104	Crysta Woodland
Center	Salt Lake	26	27	104	Alzina Whitehead
Center	Wasatch	25	26	104	Ireen Duke
Elmhurst	Oakland	50	52	104	Lavina Smithen

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Garland	Bear River	85	88	104	Addren Isaacson
Ida. Falls 4th (Br.)	North Idaho Falls	25	26	104	Ethel Lees
					Annie L. Brocksome
Mesa 2nd	Maricopa	118	123	104	Wilma H. Seidel
Sugar 1st	Rexburg	57	59	104	Irene Pincock
Declo	Burley	66	68	103	Teresa Parke
Egin	Yellowstone	31	32	103	Eva P. Cruser
Huntington Park	Los Angeles	65	67	103	Luella Kendall
Maywood	Los Angeles	33	34	103	Margaret H. Bramp-
					ton
Southgate	Grant	59	61	103	Edith Worthington
12-13th	Ensign	102	105	103	Alma Erickson
Wapello	Blackfoot	31	32	103	Margret Hancock
Bancroft	Idaho	43	44	102	Louie A. Call
Bountiful 1st	South Davis	96	98	102	Elizabeth E. Wood
Elwood	Bear River	44	45	102	Martina Larsen
Harvard	Liberty	50	51	102	Irene C. Brain
Emigration	Bonneville	78	79	101	Ida von Nordeck
Hawthorne	Granite	134	135	101	Julia Carver
Afton North	Star Valley	63	63	100	Viona Taylor
Banida	Oneida	18	18	100	Mira Miles
Bates	Teton	20	20	100	Zuma Murdock
Bluebell	Duchesne	25	25	100	Verona Winkler
Bothwell	Bear River	33	33	100	Emma Ellis
Cedron	Teton	20	20	100	Paula Zohner
Centerdale Br.	Bear River	7	7	100	Mrs. John Smith
Centerville 2nd	South Davis	26	26	100	Nola Holman
Central	Bannock	22	22	100	Pearl Christensen
Chandler	Maricopa	45	45	100	Faye McGaughey
Collinston	Bear River	18	18	100	Mrs. Mark Jensen
Crescent	East Jordan	39	39	100	Anna Smith
Diamond	Lethbridge	11	11	100	Mrs. E. R. Perry
Dublan	Juarez	43	43	100	Bernice Coon
East Garland	Bear River	23	23	100	Mrs. W. E. Adams
18th	Ensign	152	152	100	Iverne Wallace
Farnum	Yellowstone	15	15	100	La Vera Hendrickson
Fidelity	Rigby	14	14	100	Mrs Nickerson
Fish Haven	Bear Lake	35	35	100	Winnie Smith
France Siding Br.	Yellowstone	8	8	100	Geneva Peterson
Gilbert	Maricopa	22	22	100	Donette Fuller
Gilmer Park	Bonneville	61	61	100	Rachel Watts
Glendale	Oneida	13	13	100	Mrs. Ray Webster
Glines	Uintah	25	25	100	Mrs. E. H. Bell
					Vilate Hodgkinson
Grace	Bannock	53	53	100	Anna King
Grovont	Teton	10	10	100	Lucile Moulton
Gunnison	Gunnison	47	47	100	Ann Perry,
					Aurilla Wilkinson
Howell	Bear River	21	21	100	Hazel Roberts
Indianapolis Br., So Ind Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	30	30	100	Cleo Hopper
Iona	Big Horn	12	12	100	Mae Fay Porter
Lincoln	Idaho Falls	56	56	100	Mrs. Eli T. Lee
					Melvina Reed
Littlefield	Moapa	10	10	100	Marie Leavitt
Maeser	Uintah	56	56	100	Vilate M. Roberts
Malta	Raft River	33	33	100	Naomi Paskett
Manchester	Los Angeles	45	45	100	Marie Rohde
Matthews	Los Angeles	69	69	100	Elizabeth Bowen
Meeteetse	Big Horn	6	6	100	Sarah E. Owen
Mesa 4th	Maricopa	72	72	100	Ella Stewart
Montpelier 1st	Montpelier	57	57	100	Ethel Jacobsen

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Mt. Glenn	Union	10	10	100	Wanda Zaugg
Moulton	Raft River	13	13	100	Mollie L. Baker
Oakland	Oakland	57	57	100	Esther Cooley
Ogden 18th	Mount Ogden	82	82	100	Mettie Burton
Palisade	Rigby	35	35	100	Mattie Nelson
Pella	Burley	36	36	100	Lourinda Duke
Pine	Maricopa	18	18	100	Martha Randall
Pioche	Moapa	28	28	100	Ora Price
Pittsburg	Oakland	24	24	100	Catherine O'Brien
Pleasant Grove 2nd	Timpanogos	48	48	100	Effa Williams
Pocatello 6th	Pocatello	64	64	100	Frieda Myers
Powell	Big Horn	9	9	100	Bertha Cozzens
Preston 5th	Franklin	32	32	100	Zeffie Peterson
Rexburg 3rd	Rexburg	47	47	100	Emily A. Ricks
Salem	Palmyra	114	114	100	Christy Sabin
Salem	Rexburg	61	61	100	Myrtle Wasden
Santa Ana	Long Beach	47	47	100	Charlotte Lake
Sharon	Bear Lake	23	23	100	Hazel Long
Spanish Fork 2nd	Palmyra	89	89	100	Mary Monk
Sugar 2nd	Rexburg	74	74	100	Florence H. Bean
Superior	Lyman	30	30	100	Lenora Hansen
23rd	Salt Lake	47	47	100	Nancy Fritz
Ursine	Moapa	8	8	100	Belle Hammond
Vernal 2nd	Uintah	73	73	100	Clara L. Bartlett
Vernon	St. Johns	10	10	100	Caddie J. Whiting
Washakie*	Malad	27	8	100	Margaret Parry
West Weber	North Weber	49	49	100	Marie Telford
Woodland	Portneuf	18	18	100	Elsie Bloxhom
	WARDS 75% AND UP TO 100%				
San Francisco	San Francisco	59	58	98	Gerda Anderson
Winder	Cottonwood	77	75	97	Annie Cook
Ogden 8th	Ogden	112	109	97	Alta Paulson
La Point	Uintah	49	47	96	Grace Lambert
Adams	Hollywood	89	85	95	Carrie Ainge
Fairview	Franklin	74	70	95	Harriet Hall
Herriman	West Jordan	43	41	95	Emma F. Butterfield
Malad 1st	Malad	65	62	95	Mary Mills
Pleasant Green	Oquirrh	60	57	95	May Unsworth
Burnham	Young	33	35	94	Harriet Foutz
Lyman	Rexburg	33	31	94	Mary M. Robinson
Springdale	Zion Park	49	52	94	Nora Jolley
Anaheim	Long Beach	14	13	93	Erthel Thatcher
Ogden 21st	Ogden	56	52	93	Elizabeth Jacobs
Santaquin 1st	Nebo	99	92	93	Lizzie Whetear
Bayridge	New York	12	11	92	Clara Magnussen
Clearfield	North Davis	49	45	92	Phyllis King
Hooper	Weber	71	65	92	Florence Naisbitt
Edgehill	Highland	88	80	91	Gwen W. Jensen
Las Vegas	Moapa	79	72	91	Ruby Ostensen
Logan 11th	Logan	92	84	91	Amy Affleck
Logandale	Moapa	32	29	91	Matie Dotson
Burton	Wells	77	69	90	Nora Yeager
Galesburg Br., No. Ill. Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	10	9	90	Florence Bowers
Richfield 2nd	Sevier	67	60	90	Elizabeth Magleby
Wilmington	Long Beach	39	35	90	Lillie M. Hayden
Deweyville	Bear River	28	25	89	Louise Holdaway

*Although Washakie Ward, Malad Stake, has 27 enrolled, this is a Lamanite Ward, and there are only 8 who read English, all of whom subscribe for the Magazine, so we feel they deserve a rating of 100%.

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Huntsville	Ogden	79	70	89	Marie Madsen
Lincoln	Granite	139	123	89	Edna J. Gardiner
Luna	St. Johns	18	16	89	Helen L. Thompson
Ogden 29th	Ogden	75	67	89	Mattie Manning
Otto	Big Horn	27	24	89	Edith Tolman
Shelley 2nd	Shelley	76	68	89	Maude Edward
South Bountiful	South Davis	63	56	89	Thelda Larson
Weston	Franklin	98	87	89	Amanda Fredricksen
Boone Br., Iowa Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	8	7	88	Jennie Holmes
Boulder City	Moapa	32	28	88	Artell E. Chandler
Hercules	Oquirrh	17	15	88	Fanny Little
29th	Salt Lake	68	60	88	Katharina P. Riegler
Wilshire	Hollywood	77	68	88	Hilda Jorgensen
Ogden 11th	Weber	71	62	87	Pearl Dransfield
24th	Salt Lake	60	52	87	Anna Thompson
Cedar City 3rd	Parowan	102	88	86	Wealth M. Reeves
Detroit Br., East Mich. Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	35	30	86	Ruth S. White
Evanston	Woodruff	171	147	86	Edith Davis
Gridley	Gridley	44	38	86	Florence Jensen
Joseph City	Snowflake	58	50	86	Alta C. Westover
Oakley 3rd	Cassia	29	25	86	Lovina Critchfield
Redondo	Long Beach	22	19	86	Elva Cox
Roseville	Sacramento	14	12	86	Nellie Boller
Ucon	North Idaho Falls	50	43	86	Millie Hill
University Br., Chic. Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	22	19	86	Emma Johnson
1st	Liberty	100	85	85	Velva Lott
Garcia	Juarez	13	11	85	Ida Kartchner
Menan	Rigby	73	62	85	Hannah D. Poole
Winslow	Snowflake	41	35	85	Jessie B. Smith
Woodruff	Malad	20	17	85	Eunice A. Harris
Yuba City	Gridley	33	28	85	Ruth Johnson
Burlingame	San Francisco	32	27	84	Ruth Bentley
Granger	Oquirrh	75	66	84	Mrs. Jorgensen
Independence	Rexburg	32	27	84	Pauline Perry
Paris 2nd	Bear Lake	62	52	84	Susan Law
River Heights	Logan	38	32	84	Annie Liechty
Windsor	Timpanogos	52	62	84	Mary B. Hales
Young	Logan	31	26	84	Emma Speth
Honeyville	Box Elder	60	50	83	Paulie Boothe
Leadore Br.	Lost River	6	5	83	Mrs. W. E. Dalby
Logan 2nd	Logan	75	62	83	Inez Thain
Oakley 2nd	Cassia	23	19	83	Violet Smith
Pingree	Blackfoot	36	30	83	Nettie van Orden
Toronto Br. Toronto Dist.	Canadian Mission	31	25	81	Mary E. R. Smith
22nd	Salt Lake	75	62	83	Lucy W. Holmes Martha W. Young
View	Burley	47	39	83	Ann W. Larsen
Yale	Bonneville	80	66	83	Chloe M. Jacob
Abraham	Deseret	17	14	82	Frances Talbert
Belvedere	Wells	122	100	82	Kate Simpson
College	Logan	44	36	82	Edith Albiston
Columbus Br. N. Ohio Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	11	9	82	Nellie Brown
Huntington Beach	Long Beach	17	14	82	Murl Fullmer
North Shore Br. Chic. Dist.	Northern Sts. Mis.	22	18	82	Cora C. Pickering
Pocatello 5th	Pocatello	91	75	82	Beth Orr
Vermont	Los Angeles	51	42	82	Seraph W. Allred
Waterloo	Wells	138	113	82	Ada C. Nisbet

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Whittier	Wells	98	80	82	Cleo Kelson
Aberdeen	Blackfoot	55	45	81	Lillie Stone
Conda	Idaho	21	17	81	Ruth Lewis
Dingle	Montpelier	47	38	81	Ettie Nate
Holladay	Cottonwood	53	43	81	Lillie Lewis
Moreland	Blackfoot	51	63	81	Annie Morrell
Oasis	Deseret.	32	26	81	Florence Williams
Osgood	North Idaho Falls	42	34	81	Blanche Hill
Provo 5th	Utah	104	84	81	May Snow
Raymond 1st	Taylor	79	64	81	Fannie C. Litchfield
21st	Ensign	91	74	81	Mary H. Jordan
Vallejo	Oakland	22	18	81	Ida Fullen
Westwood Br., Nev. Dist.	California Mission	32	26	81	Gladys Storer
Wilford	Yellowstone	43	35	81	Myrtle H. Romrell
Acequia	Minidoka	35	28	80	Winnie Osterhout
Ashley	Uintah	30	24	80	Mrs. Gus Sweatfield
14th	Salt Lake	54	43	80	Bashua Davis
Holden	Millard	80	64	80	Allie Hunter
Leslie	Lost River	20	16	80	Ann Fullmer
Mayfield	Gunnison	60	48	80	Amelia C. Larson
Overton	Moapa	60	48	80	Adelia W. Shurtliff
Pleasant View	Malad	35	28	80	Annie M. Bailey
Rigby 1st	Rigby	92	74	80	Elizabeth West
Sandy 2nd	East Jordan	59	47	80	Mabel Fritz
Soda Springs	Idaho	50	40	80	Rosina Hopkins
Spanish Fork 5th	Palmyra	76	61	80	Surelda Riches
Upalco	Duchesne	15	12	80	Lavina Murphy
Yalecrest	Bonneville	75	60	80	Elizabeth H. Liddle
Fillmore 2nd	Millard	63	50	79	Eloise H. Adams
Genola	Nebo	39	31	79	Netta L. Draper
Long Beach	Long Beach	145	114	79	Ada M. Johnson
Lund	Nevada	33	26	79	Ella Fawcett
Nibley Park	Granite	101	80	79	Emma Armstrong
Nutrioso	St. Johns	24	19	79	Zina Cecardi
Ogden 10th	North Weber	122	97	79	Ellen Collins
Paul	Minidoka	42	33	79	Emily Rich
Sunset	San Francisco	42	33	79	Millie Johnson
Bloomfield Br.	Young	7	9	78	Harriet Norton
Lovell	Big Horn	84	66	78	Hazel Davis
South Gate	Los Angeles	60	47	78	Naomi Whale
Cache	Teton	13	10	77	Grace Higley
Eagar	St. Johns	95	73	77	Elmira Bigelow
Emerson	Highland	129	99	77	Annabel Wallace
Firth	Shelley	35	27	77	Ada Johnson
Good Springs	Moapa	13	10	77	Mable Kemple
Hamer	North Idaho Falls	13	10	77	Myrtle Rose
Lindon	Timpanogos	44	57	77	Nettie Mecham
Magrath 2nd	Taylor	83	64	77	Flora Palmer
Paris 1st	Bear Lake	57	44	77	Catherine Innes
Pratt	Teton	22	17	77	Janey Moss
27th	Ensign	90	69	77	Nora Sparks
Garden City	Bear Lake	38	29	76	Ella Satterthwaite
Garfield	Rigby	30	23	76	Alice E. Hadlock
Gila	St. Joseph	17	13	76	Jennie Hubbard
Hurricane So.	Zion Park	38	50	76	Martha J. Hastings
La Grande	Bonneville	110	84	76	Malinda C. Hicken
Laketown	Bear Lake	38	29	76	Emma Cheney
Logan 12th	Logan	33	25	76	Thelma Fullmer
Midvale 2nd	East Jordan	82	62	76	Nina Rasmussen
Palo Alto	San Francisco	32	25	76	Lottie Hansen
St. Charles	Bear Lake	70	53	76	Alice Rich

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Shelton	North Idaho Falls	21	16	76	Jennie Lovell
South Weber	Mount Ogden	17	13	76	Inez B. Bowman
Berkeley	Oakland	61	46	75	Etta Sparks
Corning	Gridley	12	9	75	Jane K. McClellan
Providence 2nd	Logan	63	47	75	Rose Kohler
Spanish Fork 4th	Palmyra	107	79	75	Pearl Cloward

STAKES 75% AND OVER

Stake	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub*	*%*	*Magazine Agent*
Union	172	258	150	Josephine Hanks
Maricopa	692	764	110	Zina Dana
Ensign	776	825	106	Rose H. Neeley
San Francisco	266	268	101	Grace Tuggle
Los Angeles	436	437	100	Laura R. Stephens
Oakland	392	393	100	Adrian Gee
North Idaho Falls	326	305	94	Emily H. Smith
Rigby	341	315	92	Nora J. Henry
Granite	574	523	91	Pearl H. Crockett
Idaho Falls	392	356	91	Della Rowberry
Wells	816	709	87	Amy B. Towler
Duchesne	228	245	85	Eliza J. Gilbert
Oquirrh	369	312	85	May S. Arnold
Burley	449	376	84	Nellie R. Barlow
South Davis	574	482	84	Josephine W. Naylor
Bear River	647	535	83	Margaret H. Pack
Rexburg	890	745	83	Mary E. Hunt
Bonneville	492	413	82	Christina V. Wilson
Cassia	153	126	82	Jennie R. Hale
Juarez	153	126	82	Jennie Bowman
Hollywood	381	307	81	Marjorie Williams
Grant	625	502	80	Martha Fagg
Ogden	833	707	80	Cora S. Jenkins
Box Elder	915	711	78	Eliza Thompson
Salt Lake	831	652	78	Clara B. Wright
Long Beach	439	337	77	Ethel Spongberg
Pocatello	744	573	77	Seretta Hart
Franklin	615	466	76	Jeanette S. Barton
Utah	974	737	76	Clara N. Giles
Timpanogos	243	326	75	Helen S. Walker

We regret that many stakes have not sent in their reports and that because of this perhaps some wards that may have scored high are not printed on our list of honor. Some wards have sent in their reports and are included even though the stakes were remiss.

MY SHIPS

By Annie Pike Greenwood

Stay home, my ships—here in the harbor stay:
But one last trip,—till then, stay here with me.
You shall not come back wrecked another day;
Never again forth-speeded shall you be.

I waste no tears to find you stripped so bare;
Nor weep I that you brought no cargo back.
Glad am I that I built you all so fair—
My ships were good; in me alone the lack.

Dear ships of *Youth* and *Hope* and *High Desire,*
Here in the harbor let us rest awhile—
A little while, and you shall be my pyre:
Flaming, we'll sail, high-heartedly, and smile.

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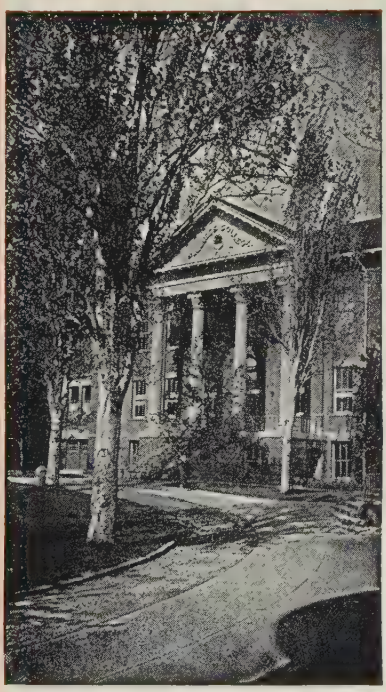

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